

# PLUCK AND LUCK

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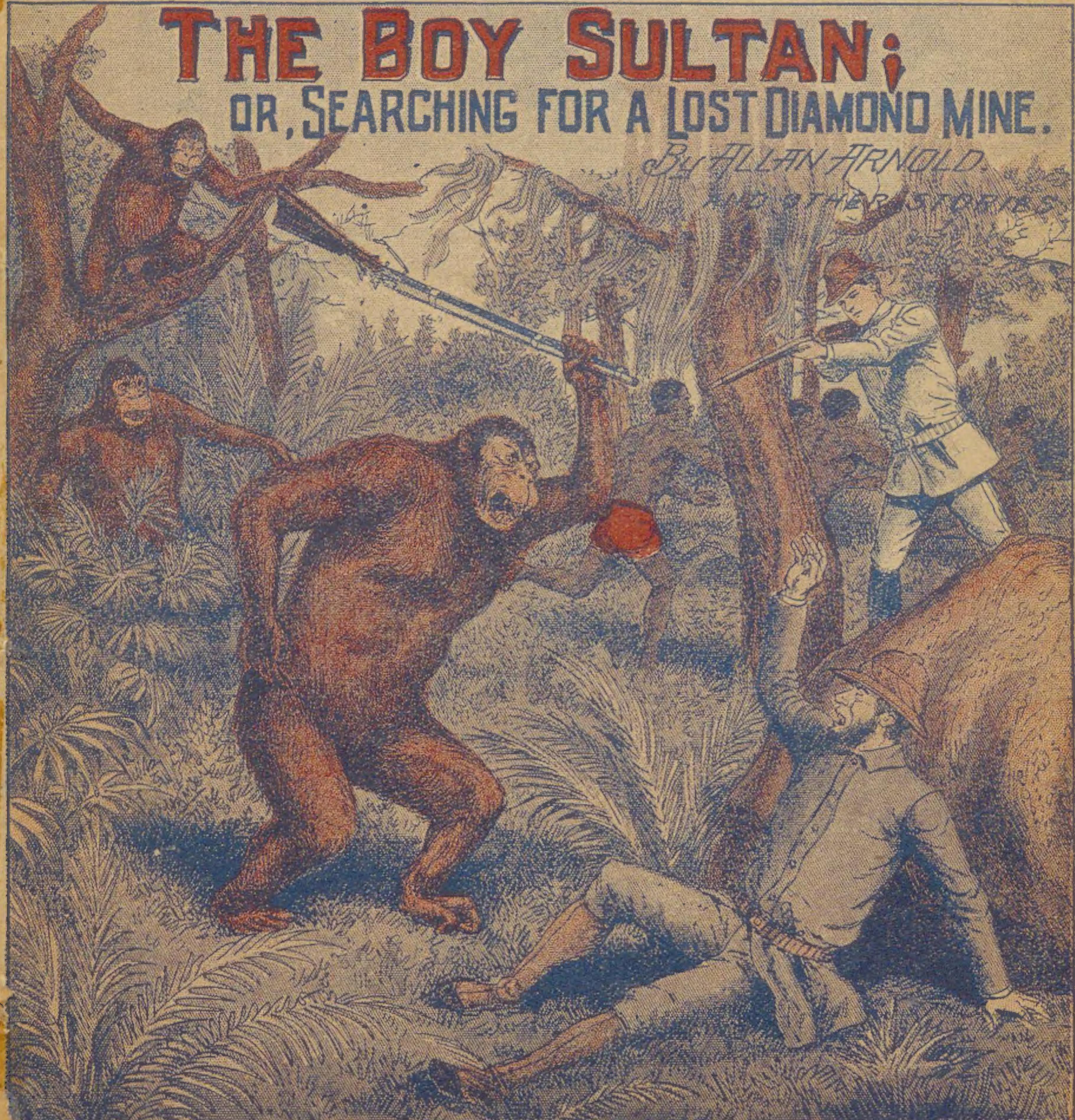
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

## THE BOY SULTAN; OR, SEARCHING FOR A LOST DIAMOND MINE.

By ALLAN ARNOLD.  
AND OTHER STORIES.



In an instant the hideous creature sprang forward, seized the rifle, gave it a wrench which nearly broke the stock in halves, and then, brandishing it in one hand, raised it above his head, as if to strike.



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## The Boy Sultan

OR, SEARCHING FOR A LOST DIAMOND MINE

By ALLAN ARNOLD

### CHAPTER I.—Driven from Home.

"Mr. Ringwood, you are a brute and a coward, and I will no longer submit to your tyranny. Endurance has ceased to be a virtue, and—"

"You impudent young scoundrel, how dare you speak to me thus, when you owe your home—all you have—to me?"

"It is not a home; it is a prison, and I will no longer remain. You drove my brother Ralph from home, and now you may have the satisfaction of driving me away also, for I will not—"

"Ain't I your father, you young hound? Have I not the right to do as I choose in my own house?"

"No... You are not my father; you are my mother's husband, and I am thankful that I have no blood of yours in my veins."

"You young reprobate, I am your natural guardian, and I order you to return to the warehouse, and—"

"Be a slave to that creature of yours, Hiram Hounds? Never! You have made a drudge and slave of me too long. Now I throw off the yoke. I am free from this hour, and one day you shall bitterly repent—"

"You scoundrel, I'll show you now whether or not I have control over you," and the man, a coarse, brutal fellow, the boy's stepfather, leaped to his feet, seized a heavy ruler from the desk, and aimed a blow at the youth who had defied him.

Philip Stockton was a young man of eighteen, handsome and manly in appearance, noble and generous in disposition, and for a long time had suffered in silence the tyranny of his stepfather, Marden Ringwood, for his mother's sake. Ringwood owned a large factory and warehouse, and was prosperous, having been given a start in business by the money his wife had brought him, the widow's two sons at that time being sixteen and ten years old respectively.

Ralph, the elder, had been driven from home by his stepfather's cruelty when eighteen years of age, and nothing had since been heard of him. Philip, although scarcely twelve years old at the time, remembered the circumstances perfectly, and now, in looking back over the past, he recalled many incidents, all tending to the one conclusion—this own exile.

For years he had endured petty insults, indignities of greater or lesser degree, sneering remarks and sneering looks; had drudged in the

factory and warehouse, had done work far beyond his powers, simply because he could not leave his mother to suffer alone. At last, however, Mr. Ringwood had ordered him to go to work in the warehouse, under a miserable, besotted fellow named Hounds, who had been advanced over the heads of a dozen better men, and to give in his time and submit to orders like the commonest workman.

Philip was old enough and had sufficient capacity to be in the counting room, where he had indeed filled the position of under-bookkeeper for six months, when his stepfather told him that he must go to work in the warehouse. The boy resented this, and flatly told the tyrant that he would do nothing of the kind. A stormy scene ensued, at the end of which Marden Ringwood leaped to his feet, seized a heavy brass and boxwood ruler from the desk, and attempted to strike Philip. The boy seized his descending arm with his right hand, and with the left tore the weapon from the tyrant's grasp and hurled it across the room.

"If you dare to raise your hand against me I will kill you!" hissed Philip, as pale as death, his eyes flashing and his teeth set. "Is it not enough that you have sought to make a slave of me without beating me as you would a cur?"

Then, with an exclamation of deep disgust, the boy threw the man from him as he might have cast away a toad, a snake, or any vile thing, and strode from the office. Ringwood had fallen with his chair, but he presently arose, went to one of the windows, and saw Philip walking rapidly down the path toward the gate, by which entrance was had to the factory grounds.

"Ha! The young fiend has his back up and is going away, is he?" he chuckled. "So much the better. He had better have gone long ago. With both boys out of the way, their mother's money will all be mine, and I shall have nothing more to fear on that score."

Passing out the gate, the man in charge of which nodded pleasantly to him, Philip walked through the main street of the town, presently turning down a broad avenue lined with fine residences on either side, and in a few moments entered one of the handsomest houses on the street, being met in the hall by his mother.

"Why, Philip, has anything gone wrong at the office?" she asked. "You are home much earlier than usual."

The lady saw the troubled look on her son's

face, and knew too well that it must have been caused by some outrageous act of her husband's.

"Everything has gone wrong, mother," said the boy. "Mr. Ringwood says that I shall go to work in the warehouse like a common laborer. I shall not submit to it. I am going away. I am going to find Ralph."

"My blessing goes with you, my son," said the mother, throwing her arms around the boy's neck. "I cannot give you much assistance, but what I have is yours. Come with me."

His mother sympathized with her boy in his trouble, but was powerless to aid him in any way.

The lady led the way to a little room used by her as a library, and, unlocking a small desk in one corner, she opened a little drawer, the presence of which was known only to herself, and took out a roll of bank notes.

"There, my boy, take these," she said. "It is all I have at present, and I only wish it were more. Stay, take this also, and never part with it. It was your father's, and may prove a talisman for good."

She put a heavy seal ring, set with a polished agate, in the boy's hand, kissed him on both cheeks, and said:

"Good-by, my boy, and Godspeed. I shall pray every night for your prosperity and safe return."

"Good-by, mother," said Philip, kissing her. "If I can, I will find Ralph and bring him back, and you shall have two boys to protect you. Good-by and God bless you."

Then, giving his mother a last kiss, the boy ran lightly downstairs, left the house, waving his hand as he turned the corner. As he turned his head and went on, a team of spirited horses, drawing a handsome carriage, came suddenly dashing around a bend in the road, while right in their path, in the middle of the crosswalk, was an old man, bent and feeble, leaning upon a stick, and making his way laboriously across the street. Philip shouted and sprang forward, but it was evident that the old gentleman neither heard the boy's warning nor saw his danger. On came the horses, and at once it could be seen that the driver was unable to control them.

"My God! he will be killed!" cried Philip, dashing into the roadway right in front of the hurrying steeds.

He sprang forward, and at the very moment when it seemed as though he would be thrown down and trampled to death, he leaped lightly aside, seized the bridle of the right-hand horse, and guided him sharply to one side. The intelligent animal, recognizing a master, obeyed the rein instantly, his mate following his lead. On dashed the steeds, Philip still clinging desperately to the one he had seized, the carriage wheels passing within a few inches of the old gentleman's heels. Then he turned, saw the danger he had escaped, without knowing why, and hurried to reach the walk. The driver was now able to rein in his horses with Philip's help, and the boy relaxed his hold and went to see if the old gentleman were safe.

"By Jove, Phil, that was immense!" cried a young fellow of the boy's own age, hurrying toward him. "I fully expected to see that old man killed."

"So did I, Hal, old chap; but let us see if he is all right."

The two boys hurried across the street, where they found the old gentleman standing amid a group of men and women, all speaking very excitedly.

"That was indeed a narrow escape you had, and you ought to be very thankful."

"It was a wonder you were not thrown down and killed, and only that young man's promptness saved you."

"Why, here he is now—the very one—and looking as fresh as ever."

"To which of you young gentlemen am I indebted for this service?" asked the old man, as the boys came up.

"To this one—Phil Stockton, the smartest and best boy in the State!" cried Hal Hampton, Philip's firm friend and constant associate. "I saw the whole affair, and I never saw anything done better in all my life."

"Young gentleman," said the old man, taking Philip's hand, "I thank you sincerely for what you have done. I am old and feeble, and my sight and hearing are poor, and, besides, I was so abstracted as scarcely to know where I was. You are a brave boy, and I shall never forget your promptness, which certainly saved my life."

"I am happy to have been of any assistance, I am sure," said the boy, coloring. "You do not feel any the worse—you feel safe to continue your walk?"

"Yes. I have but a few steps farther to go," and he pointed to a building at a short distance. "I have business to attend to at the bank. I am a stranger in town."

Then he walked on without paying any further attention to Philip, the latter taking Hal's offered arm and going in the opposite direction.

"I say, Phil, old boy," said Hal excitedly, "I was just coming to find you. I've got news that you never expected to hear. I got back from New York last night, and what do you suppose? Well, I saw an old fellow who knows about Ralph."

"Ralph Stockton—my brother Ralph? Is he alive? Is he coming here? Where is he—what did the man say—who is—"

"Stop, stop, old chap!" cried Hal. "One thing at a time. The fellow thinks your brother is alive, but is not certain."

"Where did he see him last?"

"In the jungles of eastern Africa."

## CHAPTER II.—The Right Kind of Friends

"You see," said Hal, half an hour later, as the two boys boarded the train which was to take them to New York, "it was all very sudden, and I did not have much time to talk then, but the old fellow told me where he was stopping, and now we can get at the whole story."

They found two unoccupied seats, and Hal turned the back of one over so as to face his friend.

"I was at the theater last night," he continued, "and there was one scene representing an African jungle. I thought it was fine, but this old fellow sitting next to me said it was not the

right thing at all, that he had been in Africa, and knew all about it. He said you couldn't find as big an open space as the stage anywhere in an African jungle."

"Yes, and what then? How did you find out about Ralph?"

"Why, he wanted to talk loud, and people tried to stop him. Finally he did, but said that he wished he had been in a jungle like that, for then he would not have lost young Stockton. When the curtain went down I asked him to tell me about his friend, and he did. He said that he and Ralph, with a party of natives, were making their way through the forests of Mozambique when they were attacked by a hostile tribe. Ralph was carried off, many of the bearers were killed, and he was left for dead. Afterward he recovered, met a party of travelers, was taken to the coast, and soon after that sailed for home, but not without making inquiries for Ralph, of whom nothing could be heard."

"He is alive!" said Philip, in earnest tones, "and I am going to find him. It shall be my life's mission to find him, bring him back, and punish this tyrant."

The train had now been under way for several minutes, and at that moment the conductor appeared, taking the tickets. Philip knew him, and nodded when he handed out his ticket, when the conductor, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing forth a plain, unaddressed sealed envelope, handed it to the boy, saying:

"I was told to give this to Philip Stockton, by a little old white-haired man just as I was leaving Manton. He said it was particular."

"Thanks, Mr. Harley," said Philip. "Is the old gentleman on board the train?"

"No, I believe not, for he asked me how long before there was a train going the other way, and I told him in a few minutes. We ought to meet it soon."

Even as he spoke a train rushed by at lightning speed on the other track. The man passed on, and Hal said eagerly:

"Open it, Phil. It is probably a letter of thanks."

Philip cut the end of the envelope with his knife and drew out a folded package. Even before unwrapping it, it was plain to be seen that the package contained banknotes. There was a half-sheet of note paper in the envelope, and this the boy drew out, finding it to contain the following:

"My dear Young Friend.—Permit me to render you a trifling return for the great service done me this morning, and do not hesitate to call on me whenever you need assistance.

"To Mr. Philip Stockton, Manton."

The note was unsigned, was written on a blank half-sheet, and gave no clue whatever to the writer. The package contained two notes for one hundred dollars each, four for fifty dollars each, and five twenties—in all, five hundred dollars. None of the notes was new, none had been issued by the Manton bank, and the money might have been obtained there or elsewhere.

"Five hundred dollars!" said Philip. "I ought not to take this. What I did was little enough,

and I never expected to be paid for it. I must return this money."

"How are you going to do that, Phil?" asked Hal. "You don't know this man; he has probably by this time taken a train to we don't know where, and if you telegraph back to Manton no one will know anything about him. Besides, you are going to Africa to find your brother, and you need all the money you can get. I was going to offer you some, but—"

"No, Hal, you are very kind; but I can't take it. Mother gave me some—I don't know how much. I see that I cannot return this money now, and so I shall take it as a loan, some day to be repaid."

He put the money away carefully in an inner pocket of his coat, together with what his mother had given him, which proved to amount to a little more than two hundred dollars. For a long time the two boys sat looking out of the window and saying nothing, but at last, when the train stopped, Hal arose and said:

"I'll be back in a moment. I'm going to telegraph to my guardian."

Hal Hampton had lost both parents within two years, and had an income of several thousand dollars yearly, the principal to be paid him when he came of age. He had continued to reside at Manton after his mother's death, which had succeeded that of his father by six months, with a maiden aunt, who acted as housekeeper, for, as Hal attended a college only a few miles from Manton, he was often at home. His guardian, a lawyer of some distinction, resided in New York, and Hal had been to see him only the day before while on a short visit to some college friends in the city. He reappeared just as the train was getting under way again, and took his seat with such a decided look of satisfaction on his face that Philip asked:

"Well, old man, what is it? You seem to feel decidedly pleased just now."

"So I am, for I've got a good deal off my mind."

"Did you send it by telegraph?" asked the other, with a smile.

"Well, yes, I may say I did. I told my guardian to expect me on important business; that I was—well, I am going to Africa with you to find your brother."

"Thanks, Hal. With a true friend like you, I shall stop at nothing until my mission is fulfilled."

They reached New York half an hour afterward, and went at once to the office of Hal's guardian.

"So you think of traveling, do you?" asked the lawyer. "Well, I don't know that I object; but then, your college course will be—"

"That can wait. This is Phil Stockton. You know who he is, and now to business. It concerns Phil as well as me, so we will let him stay."

When they came out of the lawyer's private office, an hour later, Hal said:

"Then it's settled, if this old sailor's story does not turn out to be a hoax?"

"Yes."

"Very well; we have time to see him yet, as it is only four o'clock, and the Western Hotel is not far. Come on, Phil. You will wait for us, Mr. Foote?"

"Yes."

Ten minutes later the boys entered a hotel on the west side of the city, not far from the river, and Hal was about to speak to the clerk at the desk, when a bronzed, weather-beaten man dressed in a rough, serviceable suit of blue cloth suddenly came forward.

"Well, well, if it ain't my young friend!" he cried heartily. "And—well! May I be keelhauled if there ain't the young expl—no, it ain't, nuther; he ain't old enough."

"How do you do, Mr. Grummett!" said Hal. "You see, I'm here. This is my friend Phil——"

"If he ain't some of young Stockton's folks, I'm a lubber and a Dutchman," interrupted the sailor. "Land! I'd know that face in Jerusalem or the Sandwich Islands."

"This is Philip Stockton, the brother of Ralph Stockton, the explorer," said Hal hastily. "I told him what you said, and he wants to know all about——"

"Well, well, as if I didn't know!" cried old Jack Grummett, seizing Philip's hand and squeezing it till the boy winced. "I knowed I couldn't be mistaken in them eyes. Lord love ye, boy, you're the picter of yer brother—the livin' image! Well, well, I'm right glad to see yer, and I'll tell ye all I know. Come over here and sit down comfortable," and the seaman led the way to a table by a window. "What yer goin' to have to drink? This is my treat, and——"

"Nothing, thank you, Mr. Grummett, but please tell me all you know of my brother, for I am dyin' to hear it."

"So you shall, youngster, so you shall. It ain't much, and I wish I could tell you that your brother is alive, but I ain't sure."

Jack Grummett's story contained little more than the essential points already given to Hal, but Philip listened attentively, and at last asked:

"Do these African tribes kill their white prisoners, Mr. Grummett?"

"Well, no, I think not, particularly if they have any l'arnin', medical or that sort. Then they keeps 'em for fetish men, or the likes o' that, and they'll give up anything rather than a prisoner of that sort."

"Where is the place you saw him last?"

"Down near the Zambezi river—between that and Shire river—and something more'n a hundred miles from the coast."

"If I go there, will you accompany me?"

"Will I? Yes, and round the world and through fire and blood, and there's my hand on it!"

### CHAPTER III.—A Living Bridge.

"Well, boys, I reckon that in another day we'll be putty near the place where I lost sight of young Stockton, but nobody knows if the tribe that took him is there yet, 'cause these fellows move around as much as Arabs."

In a small open space in the tangled forest a campfire burned, and around it sat Philip, Hal, Jack Grummett, and a young Kaffir called Motoki. At a short distance away sat a score of black bearers, native guides, interpreters, and laborers. These men carried all the baggage of the party, made paths through the jungle, did

the cooking, and performed all the labor, being patient, hard-working, capable of enduring no end of fatigue, and satisfied with very little in the way of pay or food. They had been two months in the forest, and as yet had received no tidings of any white prisoner among any of the native tribes.

"'Pears to me," said Jack Grummett, who was dressed very much as he had been when the boys first met him, taking a black pipe from his mouth and blowing a cloud of smoke toward the fire, "'pears to me, as I said afore, that I never told you youngsters what brought us down into this country, or not me, exactly, but Stockton."

"Exploration, I suppose, Mr. Grummett," said Philip. "You said that——"

"Yes, I know; but there was more. Your brother got hold of a story about a lost diamond mine, off in some of these mountains, a cave where the stones were as thick as pebbles in a brook, and where you could pick up a fortune in ten minutes without half lookin', so they say."

"No, boss, no shine stones here, no diamonds," said the Kaffir. "Down by Griqua plenty heap stone, no find 'longside Mozambique."

"That's all right, Blackie," said Jack, smoking in silence for a few moments. "I know as they say they's no diamonds only in South Africa, but they said they was none there nuther up to about a dozen year or so ago."

"No, boss, no shine stone in Portugee land; plenty heap by Griqua, no here. Black feller know he find shone stone in Griqua long time, long time afore white man come."

"But this cave of diamonds, this lost mine," said Philip. "Did my brother know just where it was?"

"No; but he had an idee from what he knowed about the nater of the earth, and he told me as how he was pretty sure they was diamonds in these parts, for all that folks said they wasn't, and that this here story of the diamond caves, what he'd got from the niggers, would turn out true some of these days."

"No, boss; no diamonds," said Motoki again. "Sofala nigger, Mozambique nigger, Zambezi nigger—all lie, bad man, talk crooked, no can believe; all tell lie, no shine stone 'longside this land."

"Belay yer jaw tackle, you black spider with the ostrich stomach and bandy legs!" cried Jack, growing impatient at the black boy's persistent interruptions. "If I say there's elephants on the moon, and long-tailed, blue-nosed monkeys at the bottom of the sea, it's none o' your business."

"All same to me, boss; me no care. All same, no shine stone 'longside here."

The angry seaman seized a glowing brand from the fire and hurled it straight at the black and shining body of the nearly naked disputant.

"There, you monkey-faced lubber! Say that again, will you?" he cried, as the Kaffir, receiving the fiery missile on his bare shoulders, leaped to his feet with a yell and dashed headlong into the forest.

The boys laughed, and Jack, puffing vigorously at his pipe for a few moments, said doggedly:

"Well, it ain't no use talkin' back to a jack-ass, 'cause he can make more noise 'n you can; but if that black gorilla comes within two fath-

oms o' my fist, I'll make him see more shiny things 'n he ever dreamed of."

The Kaffir made no further interruptions concerning the locality of diamond mines, and soon afterward the boys retired for the night. In the morning they broke camp and proceeded on their journey, the bearers carrying all the baggage, the tents, blankets, portable boats, extra guns, cooking utensile, water bags, medicine chests and other articles on their backs or hung on tent poles stretched from shoulder to shoulder, the line of men in single file stretching out a distance of more than a hundred feet. They were near the Shire, a river of considerable importance, two hundred and fifty miles in length, and having numerous tributaries of greater or less length and width. They continued a short distance farther and came in sight of a small but very rapid river, with high banks on either side. Skirting the bank, now in the open, now hidden by the trees, they were hurrying on when one of the bearers came rushing up to the leaders and began speaking most excitedly to the Kaffir.

"Bad man come, fifty, forty, hundred, got long gun; see um on hill, come quick!" explained Motoki.

The bearer said further that the men approaching belonged to an especially savage tribe, which made war on every one, killing and plundering all who opposed them, and owning no allegiance to governor or sultan. The little party hurried on, and presently, from the summit of a little rise not more than half a mile distant, they saw a large party of savage warriors, waving long guns and spears and uttering loud shouts as they beheld the party of travelers. To go on was to meet them, to retreat was only to delay matters a short time.

At the point where they espied the enemy, who now came dashing toward them, the river made a sudden leap over a precipice a hundred feet in height. To cross the chasm was impossible, although it was scarcely twenty feet in width, for there was no bridge nor any means of making one in the limited time left to them.

"We are lost!" cried Philip, cocking his rifle. "Let us sell our lives as dearly as we can."

"No, no, boss; we make cross; me show all samee like monkey, me show!" cried Motoki.

Hurriedly singling out four of the tallest and strongest of the bearers, the black boy spoke rapidly and excitedly, with many gestures, pointing first to Philip and then toward the rapidly advancing enemy. The men threw down their burdens, advanced to the very edge of the chasm, and while one stood firm another climbed to his shoulders, sitting astride his neck. A third and fourth followed, until they formed a human pillar, twenty feet in height, and as firm as marble. At a sudden cry from Motoki the pillar began to totter, slowly, then more rapidly, till at last it fell with great speed across the chasm.

The farthest man seized a stout tree growing just on the edge of the opposite bank, the man at the bottom of the human pillar hooked his feet in a mass of tangled roots and vines depending from the bank where he stood, and the chasm was spanned by a living bridge.

"Make quick, boss!" cried the Kaffir, seizing Philip. "You go cross, then other man, you go first, den we come."

To hesitate an instant was to imperil the lives of all. In a few minutes at the most the savage foe would be upon them. Already their frightful cries rang out, heard even above the noise of the seething torrent.

"Go on, for God's sake!" shrieked Hal. "Your life is worth more than ours! Go on!"

Seizing his rifle and casting one fierce look at the enemy, now scarcely a quarter mile distant, Philip placed his foot fearlessly upon the first link of the human bridge and advanced rapidly till he reached the middle of the chasm, right above the awful cataract.

"Make haste, make haste!" he cried. "It will bear more than one; the enemy is nearly upon you! Make haste!"

Then, unheeding the roar of waters or the triumphant shouts of the advancing foe, but trusting implicitly to the faithful blacks who were willing to give their lives, without a question, that his might be saved, the fearless boy hurried on across the living bridge.

#### CHAPTER IV.—From Danger to Danger.

In a few moments Philip had crossed the bridge of men, and was safe on the other side. Hal had followed a moment later Philip's warning, and was now halfway across the gulf. At that moment there was a wild shout from the pursuers, and a volley was fired at the fugitives.

"Quick! Over with you! We must save the baggage!" cried Jack Grummett.

Motoki spoke a few hurried words to the bearers, and half a dozen of them hurried across the bridge, carrying light bundles. These they threw down, and then four of them came hurrying back throwing themselves flat upon their faces. In an instant their object in doing so was apparent. They formed a second span close to the first, and linked with it. The other bearers began to hasten across with the baggage under the excited orders of the young kaffir.

Another volley was now fired by the enemy, instantly answered by the fugitives. Jack Grummett, Hal and Philip each fired two shots, and rapidly reloading, fired again as the savage foe came swarming up, uttering fierce shouts and discharging their long guns.

"Over with you!" yelled the old sailor. "Over with you and I'll follow last!"

Not all the baggage had been carried across, but there was no time to take more. The enemy were now within a few paces, and Jack fired two shots right in their faces, bringing down two of them. All except two or three of the bearers had gone over, and now Motoki hastened across, shouting something to the men who formed the living bridge. In an instant Jack followed, firing again as he ran, and bringing down another of the enemy.

The instant he reached the opposite bank the living bridge fell into the chasm. The men on the farther side had unhooked their feet, and then had thrown themselves forward upon their comrades' bodies. Then, as the human chain hung suspended from the other bank, those on the lower end began rapidly climbing up over the bodies of their fellows. The chief of the

pursuing party uttered a fiendish cry, and a volley was fired upon the poor blacks struggling to reach the bank. The bearer who supported one span of the bridge received a dozen bullets in the back, but with the tenacity of death still clung to the tree he had first grasped.

The man beside him loosened his hold and fell into the awful depths beneath, carrying with him two of his companions. Philip uttered a cry as he saw the unfortunates disappear in the cloud of mist and spray below, and fired at the leader of the savages. The fellow threw up his hands with a cry and toppled over the bank into the abyss below. The blacks were scrambling up toward the bank, and three succeeded in reaching it in safety when another volley was fired by the discomfited foe, and those who were still trying to reach the top were precipitated into the swirling waters. Five out of the eight men who had formed the living bridge had been killed, three bearers had been left on the other side, and three or four more had been fatally wounded by the shots of the enemy.

They had thrown themselves in front of the whites as a shield and their bodies had received the bullets intended for their masters. The party now retired a short distance from the edge of the chasm and sheltered themselves in a little grove of palms.

"Poor fellows," murmured Philip, "if only they could have been saved!"

"Black fellah no care for dat," said Motoki carelessly. "Tell um jump in river, he jump; tell um kill heself for white boss, he kill. Do anything for boss, all same live or dead."

"That's about it," muttered Jack. "So long as they're with ye they'll do anything you say, even take their own lives. Bless ye, where there is so many on 'em, a hundred lives more or less, or a thousand, don't count for nothing."

"All same one man anoder man," grunted the Kaffir. "Boss catch plenty black fellah for carry baggage, you wait, one day, two day, you find plenty heap black fellah for bearer."

"I reckon them fellows yonder won't try to build no such bridge like we had," said Jack; "but we'd better watch 'em a bit. Master Phil, you and Master Hal and some of the niggers go on ahead, keeping hid by the trees, and I'll hang behind and pick off these lubbers if they try to get across."

The old sailor's plan was adopted, and Philip, Hal, Motoki and six out of the eight surviving bearers went on ahead under cover of the wood, while Jack and two blacks remained behind to watch the enemy. Now and then shots were exchanged, but while the old sailor's proved effective, those of the enemy did no material damage. At last, at the end of an hour, the enemy withdrew without having made any attempt to bridge the chasm, and five minutes later Jack, from the top of one of the trees, saw the party disappear in a hollow half a mile distant.

He then hurried down and set out to rejoin the main army, the trail being easy to follow. Their numbers had been greatly decreased, and they had lost considerable baggage, so that they were now not so well equipped and would make much slower progress than before. They hurried on with all possible speed, however, for it was possible that their late enemies might cross the

river at some point below and again attack them, in which case they could hardly hope to offer any material resistance. Just before the short twilight of the tropics set in they paused and proceeded to make a camp, the bearers setting up the tents, making a fire and preparing for the night, making the most of the night while it lasted. Motoki was preparing supper when of a sudden from out of the forest there came the most terrible roar that the boys had ever heard. Philip seized his rifle instinctively and threw himself on guard.

"A lion, or I'm a lubber!" cried Jack, springing to his feet.

Hal seized a brand from the fire and hurled it into the darkness just beyond the camp.

"N'gyarna!" cried the Kaffir boy, "no like meet um, um wuss'n debbil, um tear brown boy all pieces."

There was another roar at this, and then a rushing sound, and in a moment a huge black lion sprang into the open not three paces from the fire. The bearers fled in terror, Motoki fell upon his face in a fright, and there were left only old Jack and the two boys to face the angry beast. Philip was the nearest to him, and in an instant he threw his heavy rifle to his shoulder and took a steady aim at the great brute's eyes.

"Don't miss him, if you value your life," whispered Hal, whose rifle lay on the ground between himself and the lion.

Jack Grummett drew his revolver, and stood watching Philip, his position being considerably to the right and not near enough for him to support the lad in case the lion were to make the attack at once. The huge beast lashed its tail furiously and then crouched low upon the ground, emitting a low growl and keeping its fiery eyes fixed firmly upon Philip. The lad stood as firm as though carved in stone, and although the cold sweat stood upon his forehead and his blood seemed frozen within him, his grasp upon the rifle never wavered and his aim was faultless.

He fixed both sights on the lion's forehead, right between the glowing eyes, and then fired. The beast was in the very act of springing when the sharp report of the rifle rang out. He gave voice to a terrible roar and arose in the air, flying straight at the daring boy. Crack!

"On the wing, or I'm a lubber!" shouted old Jack, springing forward.

Philip had fired his second barrel while the lion was in the air, and had then leaped backward and began to reload with all haste. There was a terrible crashing in the underbrush, and the huge forest monarch fell head first upon the ground, just beyond the fire, and then rolled upon its side. Philip had fired his second shot at the under part of the lion's body, and the bullet, entering at an angle, had passed upward and had reached a vital part. Hal sprang to get his rifle, which he quickly threw to his shoulder to be in readiness in case the great brute renewed the attack.

Philip, once more upon guard, stood awaiting a demonstration on the lion's part, but none was made, the animal being apparently dead.

"Look out, Mr. Phil! Don't go too near him, Hal, my boy!" cried Jack. "It'll never do to

trust a lion till you know for certain he's slipped his cable."

"One or the other of those shots finished him, I guess," said Hal. "He doesn't move; he must be dead."

Motoki now arose, looked at the prostrate lion, seized a brand from the re, and threw it in the air so that in its descent it fell directly upon the great creature's head. There was not the slightest movement upon the lion's part, and the Kaffir boy sprang forward, kicked the huge body, spat upon it, and began to heap abusive epithets upon the dead monarch.

"Ha! Him cat, him pig, him 'fraid brown boy boil um in pot, get him fat, peel off him hide, him no good, him 'fraid, him wuss'n jackal, wuss'n wolf; ugh, bad!"

The bearers now quickly returned and, gathering around the corpse, began to scold the dead lion, applying all sorts of opprobrious terms to it, as though it had been the most despicable beast that was ever known.

"Huh! That's what they call scolding the lion," muttered Jack Grummett. "They'll blackguard him now and spit upon him, but there wouldn't be one of 'em dared to face him the way you did, Master Phil."

"Let's see which shot told," said Hal, advancing, and with the aid of the bearers the heavy body was turned over.

There were the marks of two wounds, one in the center of the forehead, the other on the breast, just behind the right foreleg.

"Why, either one of those shots would have killed him!" cried Hal.

"It's my belief that the one in the head did the job," said Jack, "but the obstinate critter had started to spring and was bound to finish his job. Both of 'em was good shots, youngster, but the fust one did the business and that's what you want allus to do, look yer enemy right in the eye and then let him have it."

## CHAPTER V.—Hal Is Carried Off.

The party resumed the journey the next morning, and traveled for many days through the jungle. They met no more nomadic tribes, nor did they come upon any villages, and Philip feared that they had gone astray. Then one day they came upon the ruins of a native village, huts blackened with fire and smoke, the stockade torn down, the corn and rice fields trampled and furrowed.

Not a living soul was to be seen, not any traces of bodies, and it was evident that the jackals and hyenas had finished the work begun by some hostile tribe. Philip was determined to find his brother, and every day he studied the map attentively and hoped for the best.

"It can't be that we are out of our reckoning," said Jack Grummett one day, as they were on the march, "but maybe the tribe that had your brother has gone farther into the country, Mr. Phil."

"Perhaps the very tribe that inhabited that ruined village is the one that held my poor brother a prisoner," said Phil.

"Maybe so, and maybe the one that scuttled

and sank the village is the one; you can't tell," said Jack.

They were pushing ahead, and one day when passing through a little ravine, or, more likely, the bed of some old stream long since dried up, Hal suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Phil, look ahead of us! There is a young gorilla or I am greatly mistaken."

"Um N'gyla," said Motoki, "lilly fellah fader an' moder some place plenty close by."

The bearers began to show signs of fear and to mutter among themselves.

"Black fellah scared likee debbil, more 'fraid N'gyla dan lion," said Motoki. "Gorilla been dis place, maybe in dis place now. No like meet old man, more better have lilly gorilla him loves, old man make fuss."

The little gorilla which Hal had seen now ran nimbly up a tree trunk and stood on an overhanging branch, where it was quickly joined by another, till then unseen.

"I'd like to get a shot at one of 'em," said Hal, raising his rifle.

The little gorillas began to scream in a frightened manner, and in an instant the cry was answered from the underbrush. The bearers broke and fled, and Philip sprang upon a little bit of rising ground, grasped his rifle and glanced anxiously about him. In an instant there was a terrible roar from the thicket, and a huge male gorilla, as hideous as a demon, leaped out into the open, not ten feet from old Jack Grummett.

The old sailor retreated and brought his rifle to his shoulder, but at that instant his left foot caught in a trailing vine and he fell backward against a moss-covered boulder. In an instant the hideous creature sprang forward, seized the rifle, gave it a wrench which nearly broke the stock in halves, and then brandishing it in one hand, raised it above his head as if to strike.

The terrible beast's expression was simply fiendish, and his glistening teeth and bloodshot eyes would have terrified the boldest. It seemed as though nothing could save poor Jack at that instant. The gorilla was almost upon him, and he threw up one hand instinctively and murmured some unintelligible words. The female gorilla was close behind in the thicket, chattering and screaming like a fiend, and evidently urging on its mate to some terrible deed. The monster sprang forward with a fierce growl and old Jack uttered an involuntary cry for help.

There was but one person who could save the man, and upon his coolness and judgment his life depended. Philip stood where he had an unobstructed view of the situation, the gorilla being directly in range and not six paces distant. Without a second's hesitation, the boy threw his faithful rifle to his shoulder and fired. It was a shot in a thousand. The slightest swerving to the right or the left would have resulted in disaster. To simply wound the furious animal would have been the sheerest folly. The bullet sped upon its way, entered the right eye of the monster and caused instantaneous death. The demoniacal creature sank in his tracks without a sound, and Jack's rifle, striking a rock, was shattered like glass. The old sailor rolled over on the ground, half unconscious, and the young explorer dashed forward and aimed at the female gorilla, who had now leaped upon the body.

of its mate. Philip hesitated to fire, for Hal was now in range as well as the gorilla, and should the shot fail to reach its mark, the boy's life would be sacrificed.

"Take care, Hal, take care!" cried Philip. "Don't get too close to that deamon."

"Aye—aye!" shouted Hal, as he sprang aside.

At the same moment the female gorilla suddenly leaped to her feet, sprang with gigantic strides upon Hal and bore him to the ground. Philip uttered a cry of horror and old Jack, suddenly recovering from his stupor, leaped to his feet and seized his revolvers. In an instant, before there could be any intervention, the gorilla was seen to dash off into the jungle with Hal's unconscious body grasped in her arms and thrown partly across one shoulder.

"My God, he is lost!" cried Philip. "Come, we must follow! Motoki, Tanoia, Kilolo, Jack Grummett, all hands! Hal must be saved at any risk!"

The fearless young fellow dashed off in pursuit of the gorilla who had taken Hal captive. Old Jack picked up Hal's rifle from the ground where it had fallen and followed Philip. Motoki and four or five of the bearers joined in the chase, but the others had taken to their heels and no more was seen of them. It seemed a hopeless undertaking, that upon which they had entered, but the young explorer did not hesitate a moment, nor would he if the danger had been tenfold. There was nothing for Jack to do except follow, and the Kaffir was safer with the whites than alone, besides being a faithful fellow who would follow wherever his young master led. Into the jungle followed the little party, Motoki quickly taking the lead and guiding old Jack and the rest. Now and then Philip would be in sight, and then they would lose him. A shout from the young leader, or from Motoki would soon reveal his presence again, and so the chase went on. The Kaffir presently reached the young fellow's side and said:

"N'gyla debbil go much fast, no can go like dat, mus' hab more time. Go more slow, Mass Phil, Mass Jack, all same black fellah, too, bimeby we come by place where gorilla take Mass Hal; more better all keep togeder now."

"You are right," said Philip, waiting for the others to come up. "You can see the path better than I can and can track this demon, while I must keep her in sight."

"Motoki find scent, chase old woman gorilla to she house, find Mass Hal, bring him back all right."

"But the gorilla may kill him first."

"No, N'gyla debbil no kill, no eat, just run off with um. Some time old man gorilla carry off girl from black fellah, no kill, make um live in den, work for he, be him slave, all same like bad Portugee carry off black fellah to be slave."

On and on through the forest, led by Motoki, whose scent was as keen as that of a bloodhound, whose eye was as sharp as an eagle's, the party continued upon the chase of the monster who had carried off Hal. What could be its design in thus making captive a human being, no one could tell, for the Kaffir's theory seemed too preposterous for belief. The animal must certainly return to its young, and it seemed to have left them far

behind, each moment increasing the distance, for the trail led in a straight line and made no detours which would ultimately lead back to where the young gorillas had been left. For two hours Philip and his friends followed, at the end of which time they found themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle, unable to penetrate further.

"N'gyla go dis way," said Motoki. "Gorilla debbil big as a man, all same man go, too."

"Bless me if I see any way for a rabbit, much less a man to go," muttered Jack. "The undergrowth is as thick as a hedge and all thorns and the ground is boggy. We'll be up to our ears in mud the first thing we know."

"The gorilla must have borne to one side or the other, for further progress in this direction is impossible," murmured Philip. "You must find the way, Motoki. We cannot stay here."

"Me find um, Mass Phil," said the Kaffir. "Where N'gyla debbil go, me go, too, me tink."

"If feelin's go fur anything," said old Jack, "we're going to get a storm, and a heavy one, too, putty quick. The air's as heavy as a deep sea sounding lead and full o' the smell o' brimstone, like as if Davy Jones or Old Nick had been passing this way of late."

"Catch wind, rain, big noise, fire in sky pretty quick," said the Kaffir. "Gorilla 'fraid of um, hide quick, den we catch um."

"Find a way out of this tangle first," said Philip. "Hal must be saved at all hazards. Come! Find the way!"

"Me find um," muttered Motoki, and hurrying along the edge of the jungle to the right, where there seemed to be more of a path, the Kaffir suddenly paused, parted what seemed to be a solid mass of hanging vines, and showed a well-defined path through a part of the forest much less dense than any they had thus far encountered.

"Dis way, boss!" he cried, and the others quickly followed.

Hardly had they entered the path before the storm broke. A fierce wind swept through the forest, huge trees bowed like reeds before it, the sky seemed rent in twain by the lightning, and the sound of the thunder was well-nigh deafening. As yet no rain had fallen, but when it came it would come in torrents. Along the path they hurried, when suddenly a monstrous ledge of rock barred their way, extending for many rods in either direction, and towering high above their heads. The first drops of rain now began to fall, and it would not be long before they were drenched. A sudden blinding flash of lightning appeared, the most awful crash of thunder they had ever heard accompanying it. A mass of rock weighing many tons was suddenly torn from the face of the ledge and shattered in a thousand fragments, which were thrown all about like so many pebbles. Motoki uttered a loud cry, sprang forward and disappeared in an opening in the face of the ledge.

"Come on, Master Phil!" cried old Jack. "The black beggar has found a cave, and any port has to do when there's a storm, as the saying goes."

At that instant the rain began to fall in one solid, blinding sheet.

Soon they were in the cave, and when torches had been lighted the place was a veritable store-

house of jewels in the rough. Diamonds and precious stones glittered in the light from the roof of the cave and from every crevice.

"It is the lost diamond mine—the cave of jewels!" exclaimed Phil.

Suddenly the sound of a voice crying for help was heard, and from farther back in the cave someone came running. Then who should appear but Hal, who fell unconscious in Phil's arms. When he regained consciousness, he told them his story. How the gorilla had carried him into the cave, had flung him down, and had gone out before the storm came on, but had not returned. Hal had heard voices and had cried for help, being nearly crazy with fear.

They sat around the fire until quite late before dropping off to sleep. The next day they resumed their journey, but late in the afternoon fell in with a party of Kaffirs, who appeared friendly, but who insisted upon the travelers accompanying them to their village to see the king. There was nothing to do but fall in with their wish, as it would be dangerous to do otherwise than be courteous. So our friends journeyed along with them. It was two days before they reached the dwelling place of the tribe. In the meantime their friend Motoki had disappeared and nobody had seen him. The natives gave our friends a hut to reside in and were introduced to a tall, brutal looking savage, who it was learned was the fetish, or medicine man, of the tribe. Our friends took a walk around the village, unmolested, the next day and came upon a crowd of natives surrounding a girl bound to a post with the fetish man, knife in hand, about to plunge it in the girl's heart. Phil drew his revolver, fired, and knocked the knife out of the brute's hand. The natives fell back, awed. Then Phil saw his advantage and fired at a bird flying through the air, hit it, and it fell at the feet of the big native. The fetish man then took a bead from the necklace of the girl and placed it on the girl's head. Phil fired at it.

#### CHAPTER VI.—The Attack on the Town.

Straight to its mark sped the bullet from Philip's pistol, and the bead on the girl's head was shattered to atoms, while not a hair was injured.

"There!" cried Philip. "I have done as I said I would. The girl is innocent."

The fetish man, in a rage at being defeated of his revenge, seized his knife, and was about to bury it in the girl's heart when there was a loud cry, and a score of natives came dashing into the glade, followed by the chief and Jack Grummett.

The fetish man glared at Phil and then slunk away grumbling. The girl's bonds were severed, and she fell into the chief's arms with a glad cry. Those who had been with the wizard doctor now hurriedly decamped, and the chief and the three whites went back into the town.

Upon returning to the town Phil, hearing the old king was sick, asked to be taken to him,

and his request was granted, Jack accompanying him. The boy found the monarch lying on a couch in a hot, suffocating room, from which all air seemed to have been excluded, burning up with a high fever. He made Jack ask a few questions, and learned that the king had been given hearty food and much wine, that the room was closed to keep out evil spirits, all being done under the orders of the fetish man. This man had a nephew whom he desired to have succeed the king instead of Tomalo, the chief whom they had seen, and whose daughter they had rescued, and his motives in the matter could easily be fathomed.

The people for the most part, being ignorant and superstitious, were afraid of the fetish man, and regarded his word as law, but Tomalo was disposed to question the man's actions, as were many more in the city. Philip at once ordered the king to be taken to a light, airy room, to be given light but nourishing food and cooling beverages, to have attendants to fan him, and to let him see one of his wives at not too frequent intervals. Two days brought such a change that the king was able to walk in the garden and see some of his councilors on matters pertaining to the kingdom. Philip was considered a wonderful person, and all saluted him as he passed, and yet he had done nothing more than what common sense had dictated. He learned from Tomalo that the tribe had heard of a wonderful white fetish man who lived somewhere in the country, and that they had been in search of this man when he and his friends met them, but what the man's name was or with what tribe he lived, the chief could not say, nor even tell where he was to be found."

"If this man should prove to be Ralph," said Philip, excitedly. "We must try again, we must send men all over the country to find him."

"The people believe that you are this wonderful fetish man, Phil, and say that you have done great things," said Hal. "You can't tell them that you are not this man, for then your power would be gone."

"But I must find Ralph; that is what I came into this terrible land to do."

"So you did, Mr. Phil, and so you shall," said Jack Grummett, "but we've got to wait. That black imp of a fetish would turn those ignorant heathens against you in a minute if he could."

"True enough," said Philip, "and Tomalo know him and will keep a watch upon him."

"That's as true as the compass, lad, but Tommy Olo thinks you're the white man he was looking for, and you don't want to make him think different. They don't any o' these niggers know too much, my boy, and you want to keep 'em puzzled or you won't have any hold on 'em."

A week or more had passed, and the old king was greatly improved, and might be considered as in good health, although in the natural order of things he could not live many years, being upwards of seventy. Philip and his companions were persons of the utmost importance in the town, and were considered next to Tomalo himself, but the fetish man showed his hate of them openly, and it was plain that he only awaited an opportunity to crush them.

"Tell you what, lol," said Jack, when he and

Philip met the evil creature, "Tommy Olo could be king to-morrow if he'd let that greasy villain see the old king alone for a few minutes. I bet the dirty scamp would scuttle the old man quicker'n lightning, so's he could put his own man in his place."

"I don't doubt it," said the boy, "and whoever is strongest will be king when the old fellow dies. They settle the matter of succession much differently than they do in Europe."

"Who knows but you might be king yourself, some day," said the old sailor.

"As strange things have happened before," answered the boy carelessly, "I might indeed!"

For several days the old king seemed to grow stronger, and Philip's power and influence increased accordingly. He was given gorgeous feather cloaks to wear, bands of gold were placed upon his arms and legs, a retinue of slaves attended him wherever he went, and he was treated like a prince of the realm. His companions received a less degree of attention, but they were nevertheless considered persons of importance, and each had his slaves to minister to his slightest wishes. The fetish man showed more hatred toward Philip every day, and the young man always went armed, not knowing what the evil-minded charlatan might take it in his head to do in his rage.

One day Philip suggested that they go in search of the cave of diamonds, Hal and old Jack favoring the scheme. Tomalo objected, declaring that if they were absent for any length of time the wicked fetish would kill the king, seize the government, and put them to death upon their return. His argument seemed reasonable, and the project was abandoned for the time, subsequent events, which soon happened, delaying the search still further. Two weeks had passed since the time of the old king's recovery, when one morning, just before sunrise, the town was aroused by a terrible clamor outside the gates. Philip was aroused by Jack Grummett, who came rushing into his apartments crying out:

"The town is attacked by a large force of men; they are shooting blazing arrows at the stockade, and felling trees across the chasm."

A few moments later Hal came in, saying excitedly:

"One of the men tells me that there is a large force at the rear gates. We are surrounded."

"Stay here and watch the king," said Philip. "This may be the work of the fetish man."

Then, seizing his weapons, he rushed outside, calling to all whom he met to follow him. Hal joined him, and the two, leading a force of three or four hundred young men, reached the rear gates as they were burst open. A swarm of fierce blacks essayed to enter, but Philip shot down the first and cried to his men to repel the attack. Both he and Hal fired shot after shot at the invaders with deadly effect. At first they seemed stunned by the mystery of the death of their comrades and hung back.

Then they seemed to gain fresh courage, and came swarming through the gates and over the stockade. The towers were seen to be on fire, and now at various points loud cries went up as though a pre-arranged attack at several points simultaneously was being made. Reinforcements

were coming to the aid of the gallant white boys at every moment, but the invaders seemed to be numberless, and it was not long before there were hundreds of the enemy within the stockade. Flames were seen on all sides, and soon the enemy numbered four to one of Philip's force, while greater and greater grew the opposing horde.

Cheer his men on as he might, fight as he would, hand-to-hand with the fiercest of the enemy, cutting down man after man, the tide of battle turned slowly and surely against him, his men being struck down by the score, while all the time the enemy's force increased. Philip and Hal fought side by side, and soon a hundred brave youths gathered about them, to protect them and hold off the enemy as long as might be. Fierce giants of men were opposed to them, men scarred from a hundred fights, men who held life of no esteem, and who would rush pell-mell upon death with a sort of infatuation, seeming to seek it in their wild frenzy. For an hour the struggle went on, and then there was suddenly heard a wild, almost unearthly wail from the direction of the king's house, toward which Philip and his party had been slowly retreating.

"The king is dead!" cried the natives, and then they fell back, leaving Philip and Hal alone.

The enemy now let up a terrible roar of triumph, and then the three whites were surrounded, seized, bound, and taken away in triumph.

## CHAPTER VII.—The Escape.

The prisoners were first placed in a long, low hovel where they lay upon the bare floor, and here they were left for hours.

At the end of three or four hours the door of the hovel was thrown open, and the prisoners dragged forth. They were taken to the great square, where, upon a glittering throne placed upon a mound of dead bodies, and there a hundred in number, sat a hideous black, nearly naked, and bearing a bloody spear in his hand. Beside him on the throne sat the fetish man, who, at sight of Philip, gave utterance to an order in angry tones. The young man was seized and led to the foot of the throne, where he was suddenly stripped to the waist, his wrists being held by two giant savages.

"Drive your spears into his heart and see if his fetish will save him!" cried the wizard.

Two men leveled their spears at the boy's bared chest, but suddenly paused, irresolute, muttering to themselves.

"Obey!" cried the fetish man, but suddenly his own face grew ashen, and his knees shook with terror, so that he was forced to catch at the throne for support.

He had risen, but now he fell back, uttering strange sounds. Philip stood there, looking defiance, and now even the men who held his wrists released him. Upon his fair, white chest there was seen a circle, in the exact center of which, so that it revolved upon the same point, was a six-pointed star, the design being tattooed in blue and red inks. To the untrained mind of the savages this device was the most mystic symbol they knew. The circle, being without beginning

ning or end, represented eternity, while the star symbolized the guiding power of a man's life. Ignorant as they were, they yet held certain things as sacred, and the tattooed device upon the boy's breast appealed to their superstitious fears.

"Take him away!" cried the fetish man, in awed tones. "Let none harm him. He has indeed a power which I never dreamed of. Take him away; no harm must come to him."

Philip had learned a good deal of the language of these people since being with them, and he understood the fetish man, although at first he did not comprehend why he had been spared. As the savages bowed before him and requested their lord to be so pleased as to follow them, he put one hand each upon Hal and Jack, and said in the native tongue:

"These are my friends; I wish that no harm shall befall them."

"Be it so!" cried the fetish man. "He who bears the dreadful symbol of life and of immortality, his word is law. Go in peace."

They were taken to a large lodge on the brink of the ravine at some distance from the great square, and left to themselves.

"Well," said Hal, "this is most fortunate. That tattooed design of yours saved our lives. How did you happen to think of it? It is painted, is it not?"

"No, it is indelible; my brother Ralph marked it there when I was a little fellow. He knew all about strange symbols, but I had forgotten its significance until the fetish man spoke."

Just before evening Tomalo, the girl whom Philip had saved, and three or four of the young chief's adherents came into the lodge.

"Ah, you have escaped?" said Philip.

"Yes; those demons are sated with blood for the present. Gongolo is now king, but the wicked fetish man is the real ruler. To-night a grand feast will be held, and the king gives a festival to his people. You must go before the dawn."

"Then the fetish man does not believe that I have the power that he said I have?"

"Yes, great lord, he does, and fears you, but he means to see if it can protect your friends. He intends to poison them, and if they die, then his faith in you will be shaken. He dares not make any attempt on your life, but will put your friends to the test first."

"The monster!" cried Philip. "Better had I commanded the guards to slay him. They would have obeyed me then, had I been of the mind to be inhuman."

"Many days' journey from here there is a tribé whom I once lived near a long, wild the chief, "before I was stolen away. They will be kind to us, and there, perhaps, the young white chief may learn tidings of the brother he has lost."

"I will go," said Philip. "But how shall we get away from this place?"

"I will find the means," said Tomalo, "but there is danger."

"There is greater danger in staying here," said Philip. "We will go."

They had talked when Tomalo, who had been absent for a little, returned hastily, saying:

"When the moon appears above the trees, the feast will begin. Already are the men half drunk

with palm wine. The time for escape is at hand."

"Then lead on," said Philip. "We are ready."

"Our way lies yonder," said the chief, pointing to the opposite side of the lodge.

At that moment, Kilolo, the faithful black who served Philip, came hurrying into the house bearing three rifles.

"White chief want fire stick," he said, handing the weapons to the three whites. "Me fetch um. Gongolo no can use, him much 'fraid."

"We must be careful of the cartridges," said Philip, "for these are all we have, and every shot must tell."

"No have much time, more better make hurry," said Kilolo.

Just beyond the wall of the lodge was the steep side of the ravine, and here hung thick vines which formed a series of natural ladders by which the fugitives were to make the descent. Tomalo crept through the opening, laid hold of the vines, and began the descent. Philip and the girl followed, and then Hal, old Jack, Kilolo and the rest. It was dark, and a false step would have precipitated him to the bottom of the ravine, but Philip was accustomed to danger, and was careful to see that his foot had a sure resting place before releasing his hold above.

Tomalo guided him, and he in turn guided those above him by a word or a helping hand. Down the precipitous side of the ravine they went, the vines now swaying frightfully under their weight, while anon a stone would be loosened and go crashing to the bottom, bounding from point to point. Vines, tree roots, stunted bushes and ledges of rock afforded them a hold for hand or foot, and thus they went lower and lower till they reached the bottom of the ravine, once the bed of an ancient stream, and even now flooded at times by the winter rains.

"This way," said Tomalo, leading, and in the dark they all filed along among the boulders, fearing at any moment to arouse some wild beast, or to fall into some hidden pit.

Suddenly a bright light appeared above them. The lodge had been set on fire and burned brightly, throwing light upon their path. The fetish man had evidently sought to test the white man's power, and they were as great as he feared. Those below could hear the wild yells of the fiends above, mingled with the crackling of the flames, but as yet they were undiscovered, and the light was of incalculable assistance to them. At last the walls of the burning building fell with a great crash into the ravine, and the flames followed, but the boy had by this time crept up to the top of the rock, their escape being as yet unknown to those in the town.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Over the Brink.

In the morning they had reached the bank of a river which Tomalo said flowed in the direction they wished to take. On the shore they found a fallen tree, and this they pushed into the stream, the blacks wading deeply in, while Philip, Jack, and Hal sat astride it on one end, and Tomalo and the girl on the other. Then the blacks were

forced to swim, and Tomalo directed them to get into the current and then climb up with the rest. A huge crocodile, that had looked like a log lying on the water, suddenly dashed at one of the poor blacks, and Tomalo's bride uttered a scream of terror. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, Philip fired, aiming straight at the hideous creature's eye. The shot was fatal, and after beating the water into foam with his tail, the disgusting creature turned upon his back dead. The current now caught the tree, and bore it downstream at a rapid rate.

"Well," muttered old Jack, "I've been on many a strange craft on my v'yge of life, but this is the queerest I ever shipped on yet, and I'm a pirate if I ever want to go a second v'yge on it."

"It takes all sorts of experiences to make up the log-book of life, and we needn't complain of what comes so long as we get safe into port at last."

"However, as the wheel is lashed, and the skipper 'pears to be asleep, I don't see what's to hinder my havin' a bit o' a smoke," and out came the inevitable plug and the black pipe, so inseparable from the ancient seaman.

"I believe you'd solace yourself with a smoke if we had nothing to eat, and were cast away upon the great desert," laughed Hal.

"Guess I would, lad," said Jack, rolling between his horny palms the tobacco he had cut off, "but before we go there I'd like to lay in a fresh supply of baccy."

With that the old fellow took a small burning glass from his pocket, focused the rays of the sun upon the tobacco, and soon had it all aglow.

"More ways 'n one o' lightin' a pipe, lad, as there is of shippin' sailors," he chuckled, as he puffed away, "and the longer ye live the more ye see."

"Yes, but if the sun is not shining, or you are in the jungle where it can't reach you?"

"Well, the occasion provides the means, my lad," said Jack, puffing away as contentedly as though standing his watch below on some good ship.

The blacks had seen him smoke before, and had ceased to wonder at that, but this drawing fire down from heaven was something they could not fathom, and they looked upon the old sailor with veneration.

"A pipe often takes the place of a meal," muttered Jack, "and if we want food we've got to leave our ship, so I pass the time in waitin' and smokin', and am none the wuss off."

"Are we not moving more swiftly than we were?" asked Hal, after an interval of many minutes.

"It seems so," said Philip. "And what noise is that?"

Some of the blacks began to show alarm—to utter dismal cries, and to point now ahead, and now to the shore on either side. They were drifting between high, rocky banks, where on neither side was there room to place a foot, even had they succeeded in getting out of the current. The strength of the tide bearing them forward had greatly increased, and they were now swept onward at frightful speed. To land was impossible—to leave their primitive craft and attempt to

swim ashore was sheer madness, and they must only wait and trust to their good fortune to bring them out of their present peril. The water was now white with foam, and the noise that Philip had heard was now a roar, deep and sullen.

"There are falls ahead of us," he said, after a few words with Tomalo, "but whether mere rapids or a great cataract Tomalo does not know."

On they rushed, the water growing whiter, the roar being louder. On either side the shores seemed to approach closer and to grow steeper. The current was carrying them on irresistibly, now, and nothing could stay it. The blacks, except Tomalo and the girl, clung tightly to the great log, and seemed paralyzed with fear. The chief folded the girl to his heart and spoke words of encouragement.

Old Jack shaded his eyes with his hand and looked ahead fixedly. He could see the waters and then he could not see them, and beyond there arose a cloud of spray that shut out everything from his sight.

"I think it makes one straight leap," he said to Philip. "If it is not too high, we may get over safely, but no one knows."

Philip reached out, took his friend's hand, and pressed it warmly. Their eyes met, and each read in the other's looks a confiding trust in the divine will, and a determination to face the result unflinchingly. Ten seconds more and their fate would be decided. Philip's lips moved, but no sound issued from them. The others knew that he was murmuring a prayer for their safety, and their hearts echoed the words they heard not. Then there was a wild rush, and the tree plunged forward, one end rising high in air, clear of the water. In another instant it shot over the precipice and plunged into the depths below.

#### CHAPTER IX.—Recalled to Life.

There was a rush, a whirl, a terrific din, a cloud of spray, an overwhelming flood and then Philip felt himself going down, down to the very bottom of the world, it seemed. His ears rang, his brain seemed to spin, strong hands pulled him now this way, now that, then he appeared to rise, only to sink again, and then he was whirled about, tossed this way and that and dashed onward in the most bewildering fashion.

After that he lost consciousness and could not have told if it had been a day or a week or a month from the time he went over the falls till he found himself lying on his back on the soft grass, looking up at the blue sky. He felt neither bruise nor sprain, nor was he even wet, and far from being in pain he felt most comfortable, although exceedingly drowsy. He seemed to remember his last terrible experience as a dream, and yet it was the first thing he thought of when he awoke.

"Am I alive or dead?" he murmured. "Is this paradise or am I still on the earth?"

Then he tried to sit up, but fell back again in some one's arms.

"I wouldn't try it yet, Phil, old man; wait till you're a little stronger," said a well remembered

voice, and turning his head, Philip saw that Hal Hampton held him.

"You are here, too, old friend?" he asked, with a smile. "Then I don't care where it is."

"Yes, Master Phil, and I'm with ye, both," and old Jack Grummett stepped forth from behind a great mass of palms and sat down at the boy's feet.

"Then we all three came safely over the falls?"

"H'm! haven't ye forgot that yet, lad?"

"Forgotten it yet, Jack? Why, is it so long ago? How long have I been asleep?"

"Well, perhaps five or six hours, Master Phil, but it's longer than that since you've been yourself."

"Myself, Jack?" and Philip raised himself upon one elbow and looked wonderingly at the old sailor.

"That's what I said, lad," and Jack blew a cloud of smoke into the air.

"What do you mean? Have I not been myself?"

"What do you remember, Phil?" asked Hal. "Was going over the falls the last?"

"To be sure. It was not so long ago, was it? I have been ill perhaps, have had a fever and have been delirious. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, yes, perhaps, but—well, it's a strange story, Phil, and a long one. Perhaps you ought not to hear it yet."

"You wish to tell me my own story and fear that I am not strong enough to hear it?" and Philip's great liquid eyes were filled with a strange wonder.

"That's it," said Hal, propping his friend up among a pile of soft skin rugs and nodding to some one just behind.

"I don't understand," said the young explorer. "I am Philip Stockton, am I not? We are on the east coast of Africa? We are searching for my brother Ralph, and for the lost diamond mine? You are Hal Hampton, my lifelong chum, and this is old Jack Grummett? All this is true, is it not?"

"Every bit of it, Master Phil, and I always said it would come back to you."

"Come back to me, Jack? What would come back? Have I lost anything, have I? Oh, I see. I have been out of my mind; I have—" and his voice sank to a whisper, "I have been mad!"

"No, no, only changed, not quite yourself," and Hal took a silver cup from a black boy, who now hurried forward and put it to Philip's lips.

"Drink, old fellow, it will refresh you," he said, and Philip thought he had never tasted anything so gratefully cool, so soothing or so delicious.

"Where are we?" he asked Hal, as the latter took the cup away and handed it to the black attendant.

"In one of the wildest parts of Africa, and you are the king of a tribe of two thousand souls!"

"I am, I a king, I rule over two thousand people? Impossible!"

"It is so, and how you became so is your own story which you know nothing of."

"It is all strange. Tell it to me."

A party of men, forty or fifty in number, stood upon the bank of a river below a cataract. Suddenly a strange object appeared upon the waters

above. It was a huge tree and to it clung several human beings. Of a sudden it plunged over the brink and disappeared in a cloud of spray and mist. In a few minutes three heads were seen floating above the troubled waters, borne swiftly on by the powerful current. In and on they were swept, and then it was seen that the three men were swimming with the tide. Suddenly a strong eddy, which swept in toward shore at this point, seized one of the swimmers and bore him to land.

He stepped upon shore, sank upon one knee and raised his hands toward the sky, seeming to be muttering something. Then he ran toward the men on the bank, who were blacks, and pointed to the heads in the water. In another moment the two remaining swimmers were caught by the eddy and swept to the land.

The three strangers were white, and wore clothes such as the blacks had never seen, and spoke with a strange tongue incomprehensible to their listeners. One of them, who appeared to be the youngest, was strikingly handsome and seemed born to rule, for his manner was most imperious, and when he stamped his foot and waved his hand threateningly the blacks all bowed before him as before a superior being. Then the oldest of the three whites spoke in a dialect which some of the blacks understood, although it was not their own, and said:

"People of the dark skin, look upon your king who has come out of the mighty cataract to rule over you. He is a great fetich man, and has power that you know not of. His home none of you ever saw, or ever will see, for it is far beyond where the sky meets the waters."

This high-flown speech had a great effect upon the blacks, for they thought that Philip had come from the sky, whence they had been taught that their great ruler came, for these people, ignorant as they were, had the idea of a divinity, even though it might differ from that generally accepted by civilized nations. Old Jack had been shrewd enough to connect their escape, miraculous enough in itself, since all the rest had perished, with the idea that they had come directly from the world beyond to serve this people, and the blacks readily accepted this story as the true one. Philip seemed to know nothing of this for either the excitement or a blow upon the head while in the water seemed to have turned his brain. His eyes had a far-away look in them, and when he spoke at all it was only to mutter disjointed sentences, scarcely answering when addressed, and yet obeying old Jack like a child when he asked him to do anything.

"The poor lad needs rest and care," the old sailor said to Hal, "and if these ignorant people can give it to him we must make the best of the situation."

The chief man among the blacks told Jack that they were proud to have such a ruler, that their chief had long sought a proper man to succeed him, and that now he would be glad to retire in favor of so distinguished a chief. Philip was placed in a litter which the blacks constructed of branches cut from the trees, and borne in state to the village distant a day's journey, but although the greatest attention was paid to him he knew nothing of it. Arrived at the village, he was received with the utmost pomp, clothed in the

most magnificent raiment the place afforded and almost worshiped by the ignorant blacks.

The tribe numbered at first about seven hundred people, but Philip, at Jack's instigation, made an attack upon a neighboring village, a bloodless battle succeeded and the two tribes were united, making twelve hundred souls who owned Philip as their king. The fame of the strange white ruler went abroad and other small tribes joined the greater one, until Philip had more than two thousand subjects, and yet for all he realized he might have had none. The mystery surrounding him was preserved. He was seldom seen, and then only with his white attendants, but Jack related many a fiction of what he had done in other lands until the blacks began to think him more than human. At last the recovery came, aided by rest and the simple medicines known to these people, and Philip awoke after six months of forgetfulness to find himself a ruler over two thousand people.

During the next six months, by battles with neighboring tribes and reunions, Phil became ruler over five thousand natives. He had asked the chiefs of the tribes if they had seen a white man anywhere, but none had. No tidings could Phil learn of his brother. He now started an expedition in search of the lost diamond mine, and for several days they kept up the search.

One afternoon Phil, seated on an elephant, was proceeding on his way when a huge panther sprang from his cover and alighted on the head of his elephant. At the same instant a chief of the guards, a man Hal suspected of treachery, raised his huge spear and threw it, not at the panther, but straight toward the head of the boy

## CHAPTER X.—The Progress of the Young Sultan.

Straight toward its mark flew the heavy spear. And it seemed as though nothing could now save Philip's life. Hal uttered a cry of horror, and, leaping forward, hurled the guard, giant that he was, to the ground. One blow of that enormous spear would have scattered the boy sultan's tains to the wind, and did it once reach his heart nothing could save him. At the instant that the spear left the man's hand the panther sprang into the air, straight at Phil. In another moment he was transfixed by the spear at the instant that Philip fired a shot at him. The spear passed directly through his body, from the under side, and came out at his shoulder. He caught at the howdah, being there for a second, and then fell to the ground dead. There was great confusion, and a perfect babel of voices arose. Philip stretched out his hand, and there was silence. The guard who had attempted the boy sultan's life sprang to his feet and cried excitedly:

"Shall we submit to the rule of this child, shall we bow down before this impostor, this stranger, this pretender? No, no, let us throw off—"

There was a quick, sharp report, and the man fell forward upon his face, dead.

"Take him away," said Philip, "and let us pro-

ceed on our journey. Listen not to the words of such as he, 'till this man's fate be yours."

Then he bade the heavy caravans of the howdahs together, and it is measured from right. It was not Philip's heart to do it, but out with to the rebel guard, nor did he know who had fired the fatal shot. He had taken advantage of the circumstances to impress the blacks with a sense of his importance, and yet he deeply regretted that a human life had been sacrificed in order to more firmly establish his rule. It was not likely now that a similar attempt would be made, as the superstitious fears of the blacks had been aroused, and they regarded their young ruler almost in the light of a god, who to offend was death. Hal darted a significant glance at old Jack, as the caravans moved forward, and the old seaman answered by an almost imperceptible nod, not a word being said. Upon the march the boy sultan now and then passed a town, the people of which had acknowledged his rule, and on such occasions he was always given a grand reception.

At last, after wandering about for more than two months, visiting this tribe and that, and asking for information of the lost mine, Philip one day came to the town where the wicked fetish man had sought his life. The bridge across the ravine was up, watchmen were stationed in the towers, and frantic to see the crowds of men and bustle. New houses had been built, and the place seemed to have greatly increased in size during Philip's absence, now a period of nearly two years.

"Gongolo must be king here now," said Philip to Hal, as they paused on the brink of the chasm. "From here it cannot be more than four or five days' journey to the lost mine. The king must accompany us thither."

"But the king is your enemy, and that devil of a fetish man rules as absolutely as you yourself."

"Then he must come under my rule," said Philip resolutely.

Presently a score of trumpeters advanced and blew a loud blast upon their rude horns of brass, while the chief of the royal guards stepped forward and cried in a stentorian voice:

"Ho! minions of the great sultan, children of the mighty ruler of all this land, open your gates and make broad the way that your sovereign may pass into your city."

"Who comes?" cried a man with a voice as loud as a thunderclap from the other side of the ravine.

"The sultan of all this land."

"Gongolo knows no king but himself," answered the man after a pause of several minutes. "Go your way, lest our warriors destroy you."

"Tell Gongolo and the devil who rules him," shouted Philip's messenger at the boy's dictation, "tell them that they are slaves of the young white chief from beyond the mighty waters, tell them that he rules this land, and that he would enter the city."

There was another pause of many minutes, and then the gates were thrown open, and Gongolo and the demoniac fetish man appeared.

"We bid our lord and sovereign welcome!" cried the fetish man. "He is a great king. Fire and the mighty waters cannot do 'troy him. Armies

fic before him. We are proud to do him honor. Make a path for the sultan!"

Then, with a great creaking and groaning, the bridge was lowered till it rested upon the rock where Philip and his host awaited. Philip made a sign, and the guards led the elephant forward. Suddenly the great beast stopped and refused to budge. The guards would have dragged him into the barge, but Philip said firmly:

"The road will not do. Let a thousand of these slaves throw themselves face downward upon it, that we may ride over them and into the city."

"It can't be helped," said Jack the said:

"The devil! a wicked treachery. I know it. I believe a honest resolution is so rare, that I will do what I can to us. If it were safe, I would have the slave to turn his weight upon it."

"Why does our great lord come over to the city?" sneered the fetich man. "If he be so powerful, let him bid the elephant fly across the chasm."

"The sultan commands that a thousand of the slaves shall throw themselves down, and then he will ride over them to the city," shouted the messenger.

Gongolo laughed, and the fetich man, springing forward a few feet upon the bridge, shook his fist and bellowed in a rage:

"He! the great sultan fears to cross; he is an old woman without teeth, he is a dog, a jackal, a blind, too like a cat, he fears the power of the mighty Gongolo, whose curses fall upon him!"

Crack! A single shot rang out, and the wizard was seen to throw his hands wildly above his head, and then whirl suddenly about and reel like one drunk. Then, without a cry, he suddenly pitched headlong from the bridge and fell into the ravine, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"Let the great sultan's slaves draw up the bridge!" shouted the messenger. "Our mighty sovereign will not soil his feet by crossing upon a bridge which had been defiled by such carrion as that!" pointing to the abyss.

The bridge was raised slowly and with much labor, but it had risen not a quarter of the distance when it suddenly fell asunder with a great crash and went plunging into the chasm.

"I knew it," said Philip to Hal. "I knew it would not bear our weight, but never fear that I shall cross over into the town, and Gongolo shall lay his head at my throne for me to place my feet upon!"

Then he directed that trees be felled and a bridge made wide enough for him and his followers to ride into the city in state. It took a few days, but was finally accomplished. Then Philip entered the city with great pomp. Gongolo received him and at night a great festival was given in Philip's honor. He rested here for several days and then set out again in his barge for the last stage of his journey. Several days later they met a party of slave dealers, commanded by three white men. They had over two hundred wretched creatures, pinioned by the necks with great logs or hooked together. Beside them stood black slaves with whips in their hands who beat them unmercifully.

Phil sat from the back of his elephant, rifle in hand, and cried fiercely:

"Release those miserable men, or I'll shoot the first one of you who refuses dead!"

## CHAPTER XI.—Found at Last.

As Philip paused, standing resolutely in the path, his rifle at his shoulder, one of the whites raised his hand before the gun, and said in a pacific voice and said:

"Gentlemen, my good master, the English business, and no time to fight with us. You shall be to go on?" "No, I do not. But you still get prize trade for me."

"Release those men, I say," said Philip. "You are driving them to the country of their slaves? You shall not."

"You want to bay zen? I have pa, for zen, I shall not throw away my moaney. You are English? Yes? What you to do here? zen is ze country of ze Portuguese."

"English or not, I am a man, the ruler of these people, the Sultan of all this wild land. I say you shall not sell these miserable men into bondage."

"Ha! you are ze sultan? Yes? Zen you are not ze king of Portugal, and he allow ze trade?"

"It is a lie! He does not allow it. He does not know it. He is a Christian gentleman, and does not permit of such barbarism, or, if he does, I do not! Release those men!"

Hal, old Jack, and a score of the guards were now at Philip's side.

"I'd advise ye to do as he says, matey, if you don't want to see squalls," said old Jack, rifle in hand.

"And I say the same," said Hal. "We have force as well as right on our side, and we shall exercise both if you compel us."

In the event of a struggle the result would be against the slave dealers, as they readily fore-saw, and one of the three Europeans now whispered a few rapid words to the sultan's men, who raised his hand immediately, slung up his saddle, and said:

"Ah, we go! So it be to land at ze port on. Ze port at ze far end, ze far end. Let's go! we are men, we'll not let ze slaves go to ourself. We'll not let ze slaves go to ourself. Let's go! we are men, we'll not let ze slaves go to ourself. Let's go! we are men, we'll not let ze slaves go to ourself."

"I will go with you," said Philip. "The tide is now full, the water is high. I will give you all the time you want to get away, and then I shall fire away."

"Ah, we go! we go!" said the men and the horses were forward to the water, and all were off. Philip also.

"You will go with me!" cried the boy. "I will go, my boy! You are a good boy, and I will give you your place a lot. You have killed on half of our people, and you are a bad boy. Once more, I say, you will go with me! I will do it myself!"

He spoke a few hurried words to the guards, and fifty of them sprang across the poor slaves and began to cut off their heads, and strike

away their chains. The Portuguese darted a look of hate at Philip, and thinking himself unobserved, whipped out a keen knife with the quickness of a lightning flash, and sprang at the boy's throat. One of the five drivers who had stood apart during this scene now flew at the man, seized his wrist, and nearly dislocated his arm with the sudden twist he gave it.

"Some white man good, some debil, dat you," he said, hurling the treacherous scoundrel to the ground, and then, rushing up to Philip and throwing himself at the boy's feet, he cried:

"Boss, you know me, you glad, too? You no find shine stone cave some more, h'm?"

"Motoki!" cried Philip, "you, and alive? I thought you were dead."

"No, boss, me berry much like, all same me tink me go dead when bad, bad fetich man throw down in hole. Den me go way, long way off, try to find boss, no can, feel very bad."

"But you were with these men, Motoki?"

"Me know dat, Mass Phil; me got do sumpin, get by big water some more. Go back to Griqua. Me tink never see you again. Me like all lone in jungle, dis way, dat way, no can find Griqua. Mus' do sumpin."

"I am glad to see you, Motoki, for you can assist me? Do you know where the diamond cave is?"

"Yes, boss, me find, me know um, me show."

The slaves were now nearly all released, and Philip gave orders that they should be clothed and fed, the sick attended to, and the wounded receive the attention they needed. The Portuguese alternately cursed and prayed, calling down the most awful maledictions upon Philip, and then imploring him to leave at least fifty of the best of the slaves, that all might not be lost. Philip paid no heed whatever to him, and at last old Jack tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"You're only wasting yer wind, matey, when you'll need it all to make sail out o' this place pretty soon. Some of these niggers are a bit stiff-bodied yet, and if they get their hands on yer ugly throat, it'll be pretty rough sailing, I guess."

"Ha! maledictions on you, curses follow you!" hissed the man, with a brow as black as night. "Sultan, king, emperor, I care not what you are, but de day sall come when I sall make you sofer for zis!"

Then he and his companions sprang into the forest and were out of sight in a moment. Some of the released slaves wished to return to their homes, and many were content to serve Philip, toward whom it seemed as if they could not show enough gratitude. Many of the poor fellows were so exhausted that, in spite of good nursing, they lingered along for a few hours and then died, while others lived till the next day. Those who wished to go back to their own land went away in a body on the following day, and then those who remained, being now in a fair way to recovery, agreed to follow Philip wherever he led them.

At last the search was resumed under the guidance of the Kaffir, who declared that he knew the exact location of the lost mine. In one day, traveling in a direction entirely apart from the one which old Jack insisted was the right one, the place was reached. Great rocks had

fallen over the entrance, trees had grown up where before there were none, and masses of creeping vines and tangled underbrush made the way almost impassable, but Motoki insisted that he was right, and pointed to a high ledge of rock as a proof of his assertion.

The men set to work with knives and rude axes to clear away the obstructions. Trees were felled, and levers made with which to remove the boulders, and at last the entrance was reopened, and Philip, Hal, and Jack, with torches in their hands, stepped into the cave. Before they had advanced six paces the light of the torches was flashed back from innumerable facets, and the glittering beauties of the place were revealed in all their magnificence.

"At last!" cried Philip. "At last all this boundless wealth is at our disposal! I am rich beyond my wildest dream, and I will spend the entire treasure, if need be, to rescue my poor brother from bondage!"

There appeared in the city of Mozambique three well-dressed persons who lived like princes in the best hostleries of the place. Diamond brokers, who had bought many of their diamonds marveled at the wonderful amount of precious stones they offered for sale, but to all of them the youngest said they came from a diamond mine the three possessed in the interior. The three princes were our old friends, Phil, Hal and Jack.

They sent many diamonds to distant cities to be sold—to London, Antwerp, and Cape Town.

Phil had one object in view always—the discovery of his brother. He learned from Motoki that a sale of slaves was to be held in the slave market, and the three went thither with a retinue of black men which Phil had brought with him.

Arriving at the place, who should Phil see as the first man to be sold but Ralph, his brother. Phil ran forward and embraced him. Ralph was amazed, and tears ran down his cheeks as he recognized Phil.

Phil ordered the slave dealer to release Ralph, and when he refused to do so, ordered his natives to set all the slaves free. They pounced on the slave dealer and his henchmen, and the villains soon beat a hasty retreat.

## CHAPTER XII.—Home..

On board a steamer bound from Liverpool to New York were Philip and Ralph Stockton, Hal Hampton, Jack Grummett, and a stylishly dressed negro, who called himself Moses John Coffey. The latter had been known as Motoki, but when Philip had expressed his intention of returning to America, the Kaffir said that he was going also. Motoki's education was by no means liberal, but he could adapt himself to circumstances, and having assumed civilized garb, took on a name to suit his changed condition. Jack Grummett was partly responsible for the name, having suggested Coffey on account of the color of the Kaffir's skin.

For some time after the rescue of Ralph Stockton from the slave dealer, the unfortunate men

lived between life and death, and Philip feared that he had found only to lose him.

He would not divulge the secret of the locality of the diamond cave, and refused all offers to form a company to supply the world with the stones, the place remaining a mystery to all since he say that he had closed up the entrance. He disposed of all except a few of the stones brought away from the cave, dismissed his retinue, and gave up forever his title of the Boy Sultan. His fortune was estimated as among the millions, but just how much it was no one knew, for Philip said very little on that subject. By slow degrees Ralph was restored to health, and not till then did Philip ask him to relate his story.

Then, strange to say, the man could remember little or nothing concerning his life in the forest, his captivity or his being brought a slave to Mozambique. His memory had been awakened at the meeting in the slave market, he had remembered Philip, and had never since forgotten him, but on all things connected with his African experiences his mind was a blank. To Hal and Mr. Grinnell, however, Philip said in conclusion:

"I have not forgotten the past, if my brother did. I know who drove him from home and caused him to suffer years of agony; I know who sent me adrift upon the wide world; I knew who led my mother to suffer, perhaps has even driven her to her grave, for not one word can I hear from her, not one sign to know that she still lives. I know all this, and it is to the man that has caused it all that I intend to pay a heavy debt—a debt that has been accumulating for years."

In time Philip went to England, and in London Hal came to him one day and said:

"I have heard from my guardian. Manton has grown to be a big place, and Marden Ringwood is one of the biggest men in it."

"And my mother?" asked Philip anxiously.

"You can bear what I am going to say?"

"Yes."

"They say that she is dead, but—"

"But what?" hissed Philip, his face livid.

Ralph Stanton entered the room at that moment, and Hal's lips were sealed. There was no opportunity for Philip to ask any more questions till that evening, and then finding Hal, he said:

"You had something to tell me this morning. What was it?"

"That your stepfather had given out that your mother was dead in order that he might seize the money put aside for you and Ralph."

"That was not all. You hinted that my poor mother was worse than dead. What did you mean?"

"That she is mad."

In a few days the whole party set sail from Liverpool for New York, and in little more than a week Philip once more set foot in his native land, which he had not seen for more than three years. Finishing his business in the city as quickly as possible, he took the train to Hampton, which he found had greatly changed in his absence. The factories were double the size they had been, and on the main street was a very grand and very lofty building, known as the New York Bank. A fine carriage drove by as Philip

and Hal walked on, and, sitting in it was Marden Ringwood, looking more self-important than ever.

"There he is!" exclaimed Hal.

"Yes, I am glad we have found him so soon. Come with me. I mean to call upon him at once."

### CHAPTER XIII.—Ringwood's Denial.

"Two gentlemen to see you, sir."

"What is their business?"

"They said they wished to see you particular, sir."

"Tell them I am very busy and can see no one. Tell the butler to order dinner—served at one."

"Yes, sir."

Marden Ringwood, the son of a banker, the owner of several large factories, the founder of a bank, the president and largest shareholder of a prominent railroad, and the possessor of the largest part of the real estate in the city, was sitting in an easy chair in his sumptuously furnished library when the footman announced two visitors. As the man left the room the money king arose, paced the floor nervously for a few moments, and then muttered:

"Who can these strange visitors be who will not give their names, and yet demand to see me on important business? I am not accustomed to receive demands of any kind, nor will I."

He struck a little bell standing on the table, and two sharp notes rang out. In a moment an obsequious servant entered and bowed.

"Watson, you will serve dinner at once, and tell the footman that I will not see any one this evening."

"Yes, sir. Dinner is ready now, sir. James gave me your message just a moment ago, sir."

"Very well. I will go now, and tell James that on no account will I see—"

"I think you will see us, Mr. Ringwood," said a handsome young man, who now entered, accompanied by a man of similar appearance, but apparently much older.

"Who are these people?" demanded the millionaire angrily, his face turning suddenly white, and then ashen.

"I am Philip Stockton, and this is my brother Ralph. We have met before, I think you will remember."

"My stepsons are dead; you are impostors. I will not see—"

"Perhaps you do not know me, then?" said Hal, entering the library at that moment. "I am Hal Hampton, of this city, son of Hobart Hampton, formerly your greatest business rival. These gentlemen are Philip and Ralph Stockton, your step—"

"You need not remain, Watson," stammered Ringwood, sinking into his seat, his face like ahen liver and his hands trembled violently.

"Yes, I know you, Mr. Hampton," said the millionaire. "When you have been deceived; the two are not my enemies; they are better than Ralph, perished at sea, and Philip was killed in a street brawl in—"

"The story of our deaths was circulated by you, on your own authority," said Philip. "You know that Hal went with me, and you may not

know that he sent word to his guardian on several occasions, informing him of our safety, and later of the rescue of my brother from bondage. What have you done with—”

“She is dead! She died from grief at your death; her body lies in the vault at—but enough of this; I cannot bear it. I am glad that you have returned, glad to hear that you have any wealth, but I am nevertheless pleased to make reparation for—Ha, what is that? Look! No; I have not shot blood; I am colder of that. I never—”

He had started from his seat, but now fell back, and his hand struck the bell and caused it to give forth a clear, shrill note. The butler entered, and seeing his master lying limp and half unconscious in his chair, hurried to his side.

“I am ill. I’ll go to bed. Wait on me,” added Mr. Wrayburn. “You do not mind Mr. Philip, do you? You were not here four years ago?”

“No, sir,” said the butler. “I have been with master only a year or two, sir, just a few weeks after the lady died, sir.”

“Please, ask these gentlemen to excuse me; I feel ill,” intoned Ringwood, half sitting up. “Tell them I will see them to-morrow. I do not feel strong enough to—”

The butler left again, and Watson hastened to give him a glass of wine to revive him. He dashed the glass from the man’s hand, however, and staggered to his feet.

“You are all impostors!” he cried, “and have come here to extort money from me by threats; but you can’t do it, you never will do it. My sons are dead, my wife is dead, what’s mine is mine, and no one shall take it from me. Watson, I will have dinner and see no one. No one—you understand?”

Then he partly reeled, partly strode from the room, and the footman opened the door suggestively.

“Come,” said Philip. “We have done enough for the present. It is time we went.”

#### CHAPTER XIV. A Night Errand.

It was not long before everybody in Manton knew that Philip Stockton and his brother Ralph had returned, that Philip was richer than all others in the city combined, and that Mardon Ringwood had something on his mind. Hal’s guardian did not fail to be the same. Jack Grummert was ready to swear that he had been in the boy’s company since leaving New York, and Moses Collier, otherwise “Moyle,” was willing to add to his testimony as well. Then one day when Philip was alighting from his carriage in front of the old Manton Bank, a little white-bearded old gentleman stepped up and in the presence of a dozen credible witnesses said:

“Philip Stockton, my boy, you are friend, I am glad to say you. How do you do? They tell you were dead, but I never believed it. I haven’t forgotten the favor you did me four or five years ago, I can tell you.”

“Nor have I forgotten you, sir, nor the favor you did me at a time when I needed it most,” returned the boy explorer, shaking the other’s

hand warmly, “and you must let me return your loan.”

“Tut! tut! Don’t say a word about it,” said the old gentleman hastily. “You deserved it, every bit.”

“You will at least let me know your name?” said Philip. “You forgot to tell it to me when we met before.”

“Certainly. My name is Wrayburn. Anthony Wrayburn, and I am pleased to hear that you have accomplished the object of your visit. If I had known sooner that you intended to take such a long journey, I could have given you a dozen times what I did.”

“I am sorry, Philip, Mardon Ringwood has been one of the meeting, and he now recited to me, muttering to himself:

“So, so, Wrayburn is still here, too. The very man who he has been trying to catch him since he went away. I shall have to abandon that part of my scheme and devote all my attention to the other. No one will doubt that he is really Philip Stockton now.”

Mr. Wrayburn had business in the bank, but when it was finished Philip insisted on taking him to dinner at his hotel, where he would meet Hal and Ralph and old Jack Grummert. They sat together long after they had finished dinner, consulting as to the means to be employed to force Ringwood to a confession of his guilt. Mr. Wrayburn promised to do all in his power to aid Philip, who already had the co-operation of Hal’s guardian, Mr. Foote. It was the latter who had caused inquiries to be made at Hal’s request, and he was now ready to carry the case through to the end.

Mr. Wrayburn went to his own hotel, accompanied by Hal, who then proceeded to his own house, and Ralph retired. When the rest had gone, Philip said to old Jack:

“Put on your hat and a dark coat, Jack. I want you to come with me.”

Leaving the hotel, the young explorer led the way through the principal street of the city for a considerable distance, and then turned into the residence quarter, where all was now dark and silent, the only lights being those of the street lamps.

“That’s where I lived,” he said presently, breaking the silence for the first time, as they came to a fine house with a light in front of it.

“Somebody up,” said Jack. “It’s the first light I’ve seen in any of the houses.”

“That was my mother’s room,” said Philip, looking for a moment toward the only light to be seen in the house. “I never had so much to do with the place now; my guardian doesn’t.”

They soon left the hotel on a street they were on, and after one or two turns found themselves on a country road which led a few hours, and then reached, and where it became dark and deserted as a road. After several minutes of silence during which they had been walking rapidly, Philip said:

“That light ahead of us, where we are going. How far would you judge it to be?”

“Half a mile, maybe,” said old Jack. “What sort of a place is it? I can’t make out well by this light, but it looks to be a junction.”

"It is; it is a private insane asylum. I am going there to look for my mother."

In a few minutes Philip told Jack to walk less rapidly, and to keep well in the shade of the trees that bordered the road, himself setting the example. They soon reached a high wall surrounding the grounds in which the asylum stood. As they reached a heavy iron gate, through which they could see the walk and the house, and now distinguish a light on the ground floor in addition to that above, which Philip had pointed out to Jack, the front door suddenly opened. Two men were coming down the walk as the sound of the footsteps attested, and now voices were heard.

"It will be all right, Mr. Hounds," said one, in oily tones. "The lady will——"

"Sh! Some one might hear, doctor," said a gruff voice. "If the young fellow comes, she is not here."

"Certainly not; and never has been."

The form of a man came suddenly bolting out into the road, and then the gate was sharply slammed, and retreating footsteps were heard.

"Well, he needn't have been in such a hurry to say good night," growled Hounds, who had almost fallen.

Old Jack would have sprung out upon the man, but Philip placed a hand upon his wrist and restrained him. Hounds went on beyond the asylum, and as he turned the corner of the wall, a hundred feet distant, Philip whispered:

"Now we can follow. It would not have done to attack him there."

Philip hurried on, but at the moment he reached the angle of the wall he heard the sound of wheels, and saw a light wagon drawn by one horse suddenly dash down the road, running alongside the asylum, and disappear among the trees.

"Now he's got away from us," muttered Jack. "You'd orter let me caught him when I could, Mr. Phil."

"There is time enough," said Philip. "Come; we must make haste."

#### CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Back toward the town at a rapid pace went Philip and the old sailor.

"I had intended going to this scoundrel's house," said Philip, "but he is not going that way."

"Well, we ain't following him now," muttered Jack, in a tone of chagrin.

"I know where he is going, and can reach the place as soon as he can. His horse was restive, and turned down the side road instead of taking this. He will have to make a detour, and that will give us time."

Wiry and used to hard walking as he had become, old Jack had to put forth all his efforts to keep pace with Philip, as the young fellow swung ahead with long, rapid strides.

"Well, you're a-going it, Mr. Phil! Why didn't we take a horse?"

"To avoid being seen," said Philip shortly, darting down a narrow lane they had not before taken and considerably shortening the road thereby.

When they reached the better residence quarter again, they heard no sounds of wheels either in front or behind them, but Philip nevertheless quickened his already rapid pace. Jack grumbled, but in a few moments Philip said:

"Listen! We are none too soon."

The sound of approaching wheels was heard behind them at that moment. Philip dashed ahead, swung open a gate, and, as Jack followed him, shut it again with a clang. He instantly threw himself behind a mass of shrubbery on one side of the broad walk leading to the house, and Jack did the same.

"Sh!" cautioned Philip, and at that moment a door was heard to open, followed by a step on the veranda surrounding the house.

"Is that you, Hiram?" and the steps descended and came toward the gate.

A carriage drove up at that instant, and a man sprang out and hurried to the gate.

"I thought I heard you come in at the gate," said the man who had come from the house, now on the inside of the gate.

"No; I just got here, Mr. Ringwood. It's all right. Wormer says that your wife is as safe in his place as if she——"

"Sh! Come inside," said Marden Ringwood. "We don't know who may be listening."

Upon the instant that the door closed upon the two villains, Philip arose without a word and ran swiftly to the carriage left standing at the curb by Hounds. He sprang in, gave Jack barely time to follow, turned, and drove down the street like mad.

"Where are you going, Mr. Phil?"

"To Wormer's madhouse."

They went like the wind, and were soon dashing along the deserted country road, a great cloud of dust flying behind them. When they reached the asylum all was dark. Philip sprang out, seized the bell handle at one side of the gate, and sent a clamorous summons to those within. A minute or more passed without an answer, and Philip rang again.

"Come here, Jack," he said. "The horse will stand. I know him; he is one I have often driven."

Then he sent another peal ringing through the dark and deserted grounds, and in a moment some one appeared on the steps, holding a light.

"Who is there?" the man asked.

"Some one to see Dr. Wormer. Come and open the gate."

"Yes, sir; I am coming," said the man quietly, and he at once came toward the gate.

"Open!" said Philip.

"Yes, sir," and the man inserted a key, sprung open the gate, and stood aside to let the visitors pass.

"Now give me the key!" said Philip, in the same quiet, impressive tone as before.

The man handed Philip the key of the gate, and the young man said:

"Now go and tell your master that Mr. Philip Stockton must and will see him."

"Yes, sir," said the man, whom Philip had completely hypnotized, leading the way.

The boy sultan possessed the strange power of bending inferior wills to his own, but had exercised it upon only a few persons, as he did not know just to what extent he could go, and ordi-

## THE BOY SULTAN

each of which to take other men to gain his ends. As they reached the door a man of forbidding aspect came out, holding a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, the weapon pointing at him.

"Get out now, Jack!" said Philip, in short, "and never to return. It was never known before had he chosen so to do."

"Who are you, to say so you come here at this ungodly hour?"

"I am Philip Stockton, the son of the unfortunate man you when that scoundrel Mardon Ringwood was caused to be incarcerated here. Two years, Mother, I have waited over the events of your career and marveled as you and the old captain drove down my wall. Release me at once, or—"

The mother trembled, facing Philip, however, and whined:

"No, I can't; but you must give me time."

"Go on, and at the first sign of treachery you give. Give the man your pistol and lead the way at once."

Wormer obeyed, and led the way, covered by two revolvers, Philip's and Jack's, the attendant following at Philip's command. In a distant part of the asylum, in a cell so cunningly concealed that no one would have suspected its existence, they found Philip's mother pale and worn, but as she saw her son himself.

"Mother!" cried Philip, as she came out, throwing his arms about her, "it is I, Philip, returned from the dead, to rescue you from this living grave."

Maiden Ringwood fled, having evidently been

concerned in covering the escape of his crimes, and in the morning there was no trace of him. Gathering up what ready money he could seize at a moment's notice, he left the city, abandoning all his heroic intent, and for years he hid his face beneath a mask of mystery. Then he was forced from his quiet life, when he had had gone into business, his unscrupulous methods attracting attention to him at last, and resulting in his being sent to prison, where he finally died.

Wormer gave up his asylum and moved to a distant State. He had occupied almost as soon as his employer, so there was no obstacle to Philip's return to complete happiness. The mother was restored to her son, the mystery was all cleared away, and Philip, rich beyond desire and having accomplished all that he had striven for, settled down into the quiet enjoyment of life after years of feverish struggle.

Hal Hampton bought the factory and greatly enlarged it. Ralph became the owner of the bank, never so prosperous as now, and Philip having built a magnificent house, fit for a prince, on the site of the old home, and brought his bride thither, now lives happy and contented, surrounded by his mother, his children, and his friends, among them Jack Grummett and Motoki, now his butler, and never once expresses a desire to return to his old life and be once more The Boy Sultan.

Next week's issue will contain "EDGWOOD No. 2; or, THE ONLY BOY IN THE FIRE COMPANY."

## TAKE NOTICE!

The Cash Prize Contest in "Mystery Magazine" No. 95, out October 15th, will end on November 15th, 1921.

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## CURRENT NEWS

## LUXURY TO FARMERS RESULTS FROM CROPS.

Moxee, Wash., claims the record for prosperity this summer against any other town. During the past week there were unloaded at the 10x12 depot freight house here thirty-four pianos and seventeen automobiles. Among the pianos were three of the baby grand variety. The autos were all of the style known as the middle price and better.

In addition to these luxuries, six carloads of the latest labor saving appliances for housewives, tools and farm machinery were delivered to buyers.

The reason for the fat wallets was the stupendous crop of peaches, pears and grapes which literally fell into an empty market at high prices. Ranchers in this irrigated valley have also received big returns for wheat, oats and barley.

Most of the apple crop has been sold to Eastern buyers who will go into the orchard, pick, pack and ship the fruit, with no work left for the owner but to cash the check.

## WOMEN'S BANKS GONE.

Feminity's favorite bank is "busted." It's been "busted," according to B. V. Dela Hunt, cashier of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank, Milwaukee, Wis., ever since short skirts and lace stockings have had their innings.

"A few years ago," Mr. Dela Hunt said, "when a woman came in to make a deposit, she invariably rushed to our ladies' parlor and fumbled about her hosiery before she walked to the teller's window. We established a retiring room so the depositors should have no embarrassment in connection with 'digging up' their funds. We also have a woman's teller's window in the parlor, so if she desires, the woman depositor can transact her business without going into the main part of the bank."

"However, now the majority of women walk straight to the general teller's window and take their funds from an inside jacket pocket or from a handbag, and pay no attention to the room especially fixed for them."

## SQUIRRELS OVERRUN PARKS OF VANCOUVER.

Twenty years ago L. L. Williams took eleven gray squirrels from Kentucky to Vancouver and liberated them in a Vancouver park. To-day Vancouver residents wish Williams had his squirrels back in Kentucky.

Since the squirrels arrived Vancouver has developed a flourishing filbert and English walnut industry and the squirrels have developed into a small army, overflowing the park and spreading out over the city.

A. A. Quarrenberg, one of the leading nut growers, expressed the sentiment of the growers:

"It would not be so bad if they won't buy the nuts in one place, for then we would have no trouble digging up our nut crop. But the

squirrels bury each nut separately, and then they usually forget where they leave them."

The bad memory of the squirrel is expected to lead them into difficulty. Although several thousands work twelve to fourteen hours daily burying nuts, the city is forced to buy an average of \$50 worth every year to feed them in the winter. Increased taxes cause the city council to find ways and means of cutting expenses, and a movement is on foot to collect all squirrels at large, take them 100 miles back in the mountains and turn them loose.

## KISSING IN MOVIES BARRED IN JAPAN.

Japanese police object to kissing in public, and therefore firm stars are not permitted to osculate on the screen, according to G. L. Stixrud, a motion picture exporter, who has just returned from Japan.

In the six months ending July 1, censors removed 2,350 kisses from films, only one kiss being allowed to remain. It was the kiss granted to the King by the Queen in "We Are King," and was shown in Tokio only; as the censors deleted it before permitting the photoplay to be offered in the prefectures.

Over 300 embraces were omitted from films, but few sex plays were otherwise altered. The titles of over 2,000 plays were made over and 127 murder scenes were killed. The reels that were entirely prohibited numbered 37.

The Japanese like most of all pictures showing life in big cities, races of automobiles, locomotives, air-planes and other modes of speed and adventure.

## BIG CINNABAR DEPOSIT.

An enormous deposit of Cinnabar ore, from which quicksilver is obtained, has been discovered near San Miguel, State of Zacatecas, Mex., by Emilio M. Gaya, according to information received at Monterey.

It is stated that the outcroppings of the ore are extensive and that it is rich in quicksilver, in addition to the native mercury that is found in the underground crevasses of the ore. Preliminary investigations lead to the belief that the deposit may be as large as the famous quicksilver mines of Alameden, Spain, and those of the New Alameden of California. In the same locality of the new discovery are situated the Maravillas and Ascencion cinnabar mines, which for many years have been the principal source of Mexico's quicksilver production, it is stated.

Gaya plans to develop the new property. In the Terlingua District of the Upper Border Region of Texas several cinnabar mines have been in operation for more than twenty years. These mines are situated close to the Rio Grande and outcroppings of cinnabar ore have been found on the Mexican side of the river just opposite the mines in Texas, but as yet no steps have been taken toward their development.

## The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

## The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

## CHAPTER XVII.

What Happened to the Boy Mail Carrier While  
On the Unusual Route.

At a fair pace, for the ground was firm and gave good footing for the well-shod hoofs of the cavalry horse, Tom made his way up to the top of the long ascent and finally reached the summit.

Here the woodland ended and the open patch spoken of by the hunter, and which Tom could see was not much more than a hundred yards across, appeared.

Tom drew rein, for here was the danger point, the only place in the entire journey, according to Sandy, where he could be observed from the buttes where Dan Despard made his temporary home.

Tom thought the matter over.

If he had been astride his own well-trained horse he would have slipped from the saddle and rolled across the open space, thus reducing the chances of being observed by any who might be using the field-glasses in the camp of the outlaws, and he would have been confident that Black Dick would have followed him when he whistled to him, but he could not expect any such obedience from the cavalry horse.

He decided that he would start from a short distance back among the trees, put spurs to the horse in order to cover the distance as rapidly as possible, and then throw himself full length at the further side of the animal, Indian fashion, so that neither his face nor his body could be seen from the buttes, and although any watchers might observe his flight, they would not be able to see anything but the horse, although they might well suspect that he bore a concealed rider.

Bucking into the scanty woodland a short distance, Tom touched the cavalry horse with the spurs, and as the animal darted forward from the sharp prick of the rowel the boy threw himself over to the side furthest from the buttes, and with one hand clutching the reins, skillfully guided the steed across the space that led to the gulch beyond.

The touch of the spurs had sent the cavalry horse flying at top speed out from the cover, and he crossed the open space in a few seconds, so quickly, in fact, that Tom did not think it possible that anybody could have noted the swift flight unless they were training glasses right on that particular spot at that very moment.

Into the gulch that appeared on the other side of the open space the boy steered the horse, and then, finding that he was perfectly concealed from view by the hills on either side, he assumed an erect position in the saddle once more and rode on at a fast lope.

"It's ten to one that I was not seen," the boy said to himself, but at that same time he realized that the one chance might tell against him, and he was not a bit less vigilant because he had passed the most dangerous portion, so far as being seen was concerned, of his journey.

He rode down the gulch, which was flanked by hills on either side as the hunter had said, and was content to travel at a fair rate, reserving the speed and strength of his horse for rapid flight in the event of discovery and pursuit, and in this way made steady progress towards a canyon a few miles in advance, remembering that this was the section of his journey where the land was a mere narrow stretch with a swift river on either side.

Still going at a moderate rate of speed, he entered the canyon, and was at once shut in by sloping hills that rose on either side of him.

"I wonder if any of that outlaw gang happened to have a field-glass to his eyes and looking this way when I crossed that open space?" muttered the boy mail rider. "Now, if I thought that there was a chance that such—"

His reflections were cut short by a faint sound behind him.

It was not very loud, but the character of the noise was at once recognized by the boy.

The noise was made by the clatter of hoofs on the rocky portions of the route he was passing over.

Instantly Tom turned his head.

About a mile back, and coming on as fast as their horses could carry them over the ground, were four mounted men, and a single glance at them, even at that distance, convinced Tom that they belonged to Daspard's gang. The atmosphere was very clear, and even the smallest objects stood out plainly at distances that would have elsewhere obscured them.

"Darn the luck!" impatiently cried the boy mail carrier. "They did see me after all. Well, I have the lead on them and this horse is good and fresh, and I'll see what he's got in him."

Once more he touched up the animal with the spurs and the steed darted forward at a fast gallop.

On went Tom for over half an hour, bending low in the saddle and carefully scrutinizing the ground for holes or stones that might hamper or lame his mount, and after him came the four men.

The clatter of the animals' hoofs could now be plainly heard, and Tom listened intently to the sound, trying to estimate whether they were gaining on him or not, and resolving to regulate the speed of his horse by that fact, for he decided that unless they were better mounted than himself that it would be a long chase, in which endurance might prove the winning factor.

(To be continued.)

## FROM ALL POINTS

## GIVES BACK LOOT.

Leslie Murray of Stockton, Cal., always believed in the saying, "There is honor even among thieves," but now he is convinced of it. A thief relieved him of his wallet the other night in Golden Gate Park and then returned it to him, notwithstanding the fact that it was filled with greenbacks.

Murray and a young woman acquaintance were in the part enjoying the moonlight. They were sitting on a bench in a sequestered spot.

"I do not like this place," said the young woman. "It offers too good an opportunity for hold-ups."

Five minutes later two men crept from the bushes, and while one pointed a gun at Murray the other relieved him of his wallet and then started to search him.

"Stand up!" said the man with the gun. The woman arose immediately, but Murray explained: "You will have to give me my crutches. I am lame and cannot stand without them."

"Give him his crutches and help him up," came the order. Murray was on his feet and the hold-up's accessory started to search him. Again the voice said, "Wait a moment," and, turning to Murry, "How long have you been a cripple, young man?"

"Four years," answered Murry.

The robber grew thoughtful. "Give him back his money and his ring," he said. "I'll have to be a great deal lower than I am before I'll take money from a cripple."

Both men disappeared as suddenly as they came.

## NICKELS AND DIMES PREVENT HARD TIMES.

"What finer proposition could you ask than this? If you keep a quarter in your pocket, you probably will spend it for something you do not really need. If you buy a thrift stamp, you are unlikely to part with it, for it becomes property to you, just like a ball or a wagon or a calf or a pig or a house and lot. You have an increased desire to keep it. It is a pleasure for you to know that you possess it. And yet you realize you can cash it whenever you want to do so for more than you paid for it. It does not depreciate in value, but steadily increases. By buying it you have served your country without cost to yourself save denial of something you did not need badly.

"You develop the habit of saving and accumulating property. As your earnings grow greater you invest more each week, for now you see that you can accomplish some desired thing. To some boy or girl this may mean a college education which otherwise could not be acquired. To another it may mean the ultimate purchase of a store, or a mechanic's shop, or a piece of farm land. To some it may mean the maintaining of a family when there is no work to be had. Hundreds of workmen at Akron, Cleveland, and other Ohio points are now cashing their War Savings

Stamps to buy food and clothing for their families. They saved when they were making money; now they do not have to beg, as many who saved nothing are compelled to do.

"It may surprise some people to know that since the latter part of 1917 Ohioans have purchased \$136,000,000 worth of Government savings securities, and these securities have been sold by the Government at the phenomenally low cost of one quarter of 1 per cent. But the point is that the people not only have bought but have kept these securities. Less than 20 per cent. have been cashed. Thus our Ohioans have saved more than \$100,000,000 worth of property which they otherwise probably would have spent, and this property is paying them annually more than \$5,000,000 in interest. And that this habit of saving has also extended to other forms is shown by the fact that in this country the bank savings deposits have increased from 55 per cent. in the smallest instance to 200 per cent. in the largest.

"Saving nickels and dimes is the road to success for the individual and the road to prosperity for the Nation."

—BUY W. S. S.—

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HARRY E. WOLFE, 166 W. 23d St., New York

## A QUEER CASE OF MADNESS.

By PAUL BRADDON.

"Yes," said the doctor, "you are right. The vagaries of madness are many and singular, as well as amusing at times."

"Amusing?" I echoed.

"Yes."

"Will you illustrate the assertion?"

"Very well; I will gratify your curiosity. I have in the past told you many singular things illustrative of the phases that madness takes, so you will not be so much surprised at a woman's becoming crazed on the point of considering that she was made of glass."

"Made of glass?" I laughed outright.

"Yes, made of glass. And your laughing over my simple statement proves that there is sometimes an amusing side to insanity or warping of the mind."

"Tell me about the case at length."

"The lady's name was Mrs. Rarey, and she was the wife of a banker of that name.

"How the vagary first came to take hold of her I do not know. Mr. Darcey relates that one night after they had been married about a year, he was wakened by hearing his wife sobbing.

On asking her what the trouble was she said she had just wakened from a peculiar and distressing dream, although she would not then tell its nature.

"About a month subsequent to that time she said to him one day that she was not feeling well, and had not for a month past. It occurred to him that it was just that period from the time of the bad dream, but somehow he did not connect the two facts then.

"Mrs. Dorsey had ever been a lady possessing most graceful carriage of figure, and it was quickly noticed by her husband when suddenly she began to walk in a stiff manner.

"He immediately inquired if there was any trouble, thinking of rheumatism, but she replied in the negative.

Days went by he noticed a growing stiffness. She walked more and more slowly, and moved her legs very gently, and appeared afraid to put her feet on the floor.

This was followed by her manipulating her legs very awkwardly.

The next evening, on returning from his office, he sought his wife, and found her in the parlor. She was seated in a soft upholstered chair, but he noticed with surprise that it was filled with pillows.

"She rose when he entered, and grew red in the face. He observed the same slowness in her rising that had been apparent for so long in her movements.

"What is the matter with you, Mollie?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she answered, in a trembling voice.

"But there is something the matter. I have noticed it now for a long time, and I must and will know."

He took a step forward, his face determined, his eyebrows knitted, perhaps more fiercely than he was aware.

"Do not touch me, Henry! Do not come near me, I beg of you!"

"What is the matter?"

"I had hoped to keep this terrible news from you—"

"What terrible news? Is anything serious the matter? Have you had a doctor?"

"A doctor can do me no good," she moaned. "It is terrible husband! Try to bear up under the affliction, but—but—"

"What? Speak quickly! Do not keep me in suspense!"

"Oh, darling, I have been slowly turning into glass for some time, until at last I have got to be so brittle that I shall snap asunder if you touch me."

"Turning into glass?" he echoed.

"Yes."

Darcey stared at her.

"He had never before suspected it possible for her to become insane, and he could hardly credit his senses now. Still there was no other conclusion to draw from her words, for, as he had said, it was an absurdity to admit that she could turn to glass.

"However, he remembered that there was a disease called ossification, in which the bones of a being will grow very hard and brittle, and the flesh then gradually ossify around them.

"With the horrible possibility before his mind that something like this might be occurring in his wife, the poor fellow rushed out to seek the family physician.

"It required only a brief examination to satisfy the physician that she was not a victim to ossification, so there was only one thing to attribute her stiffness to—and that was the effect on the muscular system by a mind diseased.

"Darcey was deeply affected when told by the physician that his wife's mind was wandering. It was an awful shock to him. Of course, as I have intimated, he had suspected it, but he would not permit himself to consider it until it was officially stated as a fact.

"He immediately asked if anything could be done for her, and offered to give the doctor an almost fabulous sum if he could succeed in restoring his wife's reason.

"On all other points, be it remarked, save on this one, she was as sane as you or myself. But on this one she was as satisfied as we are that there is a fire in yonder grate, and that we are smoking cigars and toasting our shins.

"The doctor's suggestion was that they should try to talk about her growing infirmity on all occasions, and attempt to disabuse her mind of the idea by illustrating the impossibility of her turning into glass. He himself had more than once talked with the unfortunate lady, and said to her:

"Let us reason a little on this matter. Glass is inelastic, isn't it?"

"Yes. Which is the reason why I can't bend my joints as I used to."

"The next day she began to complain that her stomach refused longer to digest her food; that she could feel a glassiness growing within her."

"In a couple of days an alarming weakness began to show itself, as well it might, since the unfortunate lady was now eating not one mouthful.

The doctor called in a consulting physician. The latter looked grave, and recommended a horse remedy.

"If you do not understand the term 'horse remedy,' I may explain that it means treatment based on the principle of kill or cure.

"As I have implied, his plan was a harsh one. It was nothing more or less than to suddenly seize the lady, strike her, maul her around generally, then proceed to reason with her on the basis that as she had not gone to pieces, as glass would have done, she could not, in consequence, be glassy."

"And the result?"

"They suddenly seized her, began their mauling, and when they came to the period of proving to her, through her reason, that she was not glass, she was a raving maniac.

"Had I been told of the circumstances of the case, and their intentions, I could have foretold that result without trouble. One followed the other like A, B, C.

"After driving her wild, they thought it might be worth while to consult a specialist in mental diseases. So the sorrowing husband came to me.

"I went to the house, he, on the way thither, putting me in possession of all the facts.

"When I entered the chamber where Mrs. Darsey was striding to and fro, I was shocked. She was in a frenzy. A lady present had so little sense as to suggest to her that she had best sit down.

"'Sit down!' she shrieked. 'Yes, yes!—I see through it all! You are all in league against me! You want me to break in pieces! That's what those doctors wanted. I present a curious case, and they'd like to examine the fragments!'

"'Mollie,' Darsey pleadingly said. It cut him to the heart to hear her, even in madness, declare that he could have an ill thought concerning her. 'Mollie, please do not allow yourself to think you are less dear to me than the day we were married. And let me introduce you to a friend of mine.'

"'Another doctor?' she demanded fiercely.

"Darsey was about to say 'No,' but I got in ahead of him with:

"'Yes, a doctor; but I trust not a fool, like those who've been coming here recently.'

"'They were all fools!' she hissed. 'As if I didn't know how I felt!'

"I quite agree with you, madam, that they were fools. If they hadn't been, they would never have abused you as they did. Your husband should have horsewhipped them.'

Darsey was looking at me with all the eyes he owned. He couldn't imagine what I was driving at.

"The lady became interested in me at once. Inside of five minutes her frenzy had died away, and she was on quite friendly terms with me:

"'You don't set me down for a fool, then, when I say I am turning into glass?' she said.

"'By no means,' I gravely returned. 'How could I, when there is a similar case on record?'

"'What?' she cried. 'Has it happened before?'

"'Yes. There is one case on record.'

"'There, Henry!' she triumphantly cried. 'Haven't I been right, then, all the while? Tell me, please, about this other case.'

"'It was a Scotch shoemaker,' I said, and I told

her the truth, for there was a case of a shoemaker in Edinburgh, I think, who went daft on that same idea—that he was turning into glass.

"'Did he recover?' she asked eagerly.

"'He did.'

"'Is there any hope for me, or is my case more desperate than his?'

"'I would not want to promise a cure, but I will do my best if you will assist me.'

"'Of course I will,' she cried, cheerfully. 'Why shouldn't I? I don't want to die and leave Henry. Tell me now what you will do—what your treatment will be—I want to see if it will stand common sense.'

"I can tell you the situation was a trying one.

"I took a moment to consider, and then I said:

"Of course you knew that glass can be dissolved, or, rather, acted upon by certain acids. These, however, as you are doubtless aware, are too powerful to be given to you. But what we can do is to work for a disunion of the elements that unite in you to form glass. In other words, silica and soda. By tartaric acid, or what we call cream of tartar, we can neutralize the soda. The silica, being insoluble, we shall have to expel that from the system by the use of magnesia and chalk. Do you see now what I intend trying to do?"

"'I see it,' she cried, grievedly, 'and it is reasonable.'

"'It certainly is,' I gravely rejoined. 'But we have not a moment to lose. Mr. Darsey, will you step to the drug store and get for me some magnesia and some tartaric acid?'

"Darsey procured the articles, and I took good care to give her—and she was inclined to be suspicious—an opportunity to examine the labels and the powders themselves.

"Well, I had gained the lady's confidence by agreeing with her on the glass question, and that confidence worked her cure. In an hour from taking the first dose of soda I declared that she must now have a certain sensation, which I described, as easily I might.

"'Yes! yes!—I do feel just that way!' she declared, and I smiled, knowing the cure was working.

"In less than a week she was a well woman. In my frequent visits I described to her how she was progressing, and she always accepted and confirmed it. One day I told her that if she progressed as rapidly as she had been, I had no doubt that she would be able to jump in three days—and in three days she did jump.

"From thenceforward the phantom swiftly disappeared, and yonder on my mantel is a French clock that Darsey presented me for my services in the case."

"And Mrs. Darsey?"

"Is alive and well at this minute, and mother-of half a dozen young ones."

"What about the hallucination? Does she know that she ever was insane?"

"She believes to this day that she was turning into glass—or something equivalent—and that I saved her."

"Well," I said, as I buttoned up my coat to take my leave, "that is a strange case of madness, indeed, and I will admit—in some wise amusing."

## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1921.

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## BRITISH LET'S CONTRACT FOR HIGHEST RAILWAY

Contracts for the construction of a railroad from Nakuru in Kenya colony, northeastern Africa, to the Uasingisu plateau, north of Victoria Nyanza, have been awarded by the British Government. This line, when completed, will reach the greatest altitude of any railroad in the British Empire, the highest point on the line being more than 9,000 feet above the sea level. The new line will cost approximately \$10,000,000.

It is anticipated the new railway will be continued westward into Uganda later, and will connect the port of Mombasa with the Cape to Cairo route.

## MARRIES SEVENTH WIFE; ALL WERE SISTERS

Fred Harris, ninety, Atlantic, Ia., has just married his seventh wife. All his wives were daughters of Peter Yost, who lived in Milwaukee and sailed a freighter on the Great Lakes in the sixties.

Harris began by marrying the oldest daughter of Yost and has gone right down the line. The last five were widows. Mrs. Gustave Eidelmann is the last bride and she is now seventy-eight years old. She has been married twice before.

Harris, who was a hack driver and later driver of a horse car in Chicago after the great fire, recently bought a small fruit farm here on which to pass his remaining years.

## AIRPLANE FLIGHT TO THE NORTH POLE

An airplane flight to the North Pole is to be attempted by Edwin Naulty, an American aviator, according to recent press announcement. This aviator proposes to start from Point Barrow, in Alaska, and hopes to reach the northwestern corner of Spitzbergen. The airplane will carry four men and fuel for a fifty-hour flight. If conditions permit, several landings will be made on the polar ice, but if this proves impossible the 1,800-mile flight will be made without descent. From Spitzbergen Mr. Naulty proposes to continue his flight via Norway to London. The flight may throw some light on the doubtful existence of land in the eastern part of the Beaufort Sea.

## HUDSON'S BAY CO. INVADING FAR EAST

With 500 tons of supplies to trade for furs the Hudson's Bay Company started their first Far Eastern representatives for Siberia and Kamchatka by the Japanese steamer Aki Maru from Seattle. Trading posts will be established in the wildest districts along the northerly coasts.

Kamchatka and Siberia are now the world's last important habitat of fur-bearing animals. This region yields silver, cross, black, red and white fox, otter, marten, bear, Norway lynx, ermine, sable, wolverine, fisher, muskrat, harp seal, caribou, beaver and mink.

Last year the furs exported from Viadivostok amounted to 526 tons and were valued at \$10,000,000. Trapping in that part of the world is carried on in companies, communistic in character, all implements being common property and the furs equally divided. The aborigines hunt in families.

## LAUGHS

**He**—Ah, well, a woman can easily make a fool of a man. **She**—She has no need. She has merely to develop him.

**Guest**—Here, waiter! Take this chicken away—it's as tough as a paving stone! **Waiter**—Maybe it's a Plymouth Rock, sir.

**She** (setting the trap)—I heard yesterday that you are to be married in the spring. **He** (walking into it)—Help me to make the report true, won't you, dear?

"Bliggins has great faith in his own opinions." "Yes," answered the cold-blooded friend, "most of his hard luck is due to misplaced confidence."

"I'm in a get-rich-quick scheme this time sure," said the optimist. "Which end of it?" "I don't understand." "Do you give or receive?"

"Were you in the Ark with Noah, grandpapa?" "No, my child, I was not in the Ark with Noah." "Then why weren't you drowned?"

"Does de white folks in youah neighborhood keep any chickens, Br'er Rastus?" "Well, Br'er Johnsing, mebbe dey does keep a few."

"My beau," said little Elsie, "is going to be an admiral." "D'ye think he'll make it?" "A cadet at the Naval Academy now, I suppose?" "Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

A little girl stood for some time in a meat market waiting for someone to attend to her wants. Finally the proprietor, being at liberty, approached her and asked: "Is there anything you would like, little girl?" "Oh, yes, sir, please; I want a diamond ring and a sealskin sash, a real foreign nobicorn and a pug dog, and a box in the opera, and all ever so many things; but all me wants is a cance's worth of bologna sausages."

## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

## A NEW PIPE LINE.

A Mexican pipe line is being planned by Clay T. Verby of Los Angeles, who has been granted a concession by the Mexican Government. The pipe line is to run from Puerto Mexico, on the Gulf coast, to Salina Cruz, on the shore of the Pacific. It is said that the pipe line will follow the Tehuantepec Railroad. Work on the first pipe line, a ten-inch line, will begin at once and will be completed within 26 months. The estimated cost of the work will be \$10,000,000 gold, and it is pointed out that by means of the pipe line the time of transporting oil from the east to the west coast of Mexico will be cut down by eleven days and the distance covered will be 2,300 miles less than through the Panama Canal.

## FINE SILK OBTAINED FROM SPIDERS' WEB.

In Madagascar experiments have been made with spider's web as a substitute for silk, and the results are so encouraging that Henri Blin expresses the hope that a great and lucrative industry will result.

The female halabe is about two and three-quarters inches long, heavily built, feeds on other insects and lives in a sedentary manner. There are millions of these spiders in the woods around T. nanarivo.

M. Nogue, assistant director of the professional school there, buys them for about 8 cents apiece and uses them to work. About four or five times every ten days they start to spin and continue until exhausted.

Their product is wound on spools as fast as they spin it, and at each spinning 300 or 400 threads are obtained. The threads of a dozen spider are twisted together, and two of these twisted threads are again twisted, so that a thread of twenty-four finer threads is obtained.

## WHY DO ELEPHANTS SWALLOW PEBBLES.

Most of what we know of elephants and especially of the African elephant, we owe to the elephant hunter and the big-game hunter. Hence it is that there are many aspects of the life history of these animals which have yet to be investigated, and others which need further enlightenment. A case in point concerns the habit, which these animals apparently have, of swallowing stones. "So far as I can make out," writes W. P. Pycraft in the Illustrated London News, "the first record of this curious trait was made by Mr. H. S. Thorneycroft, a District Commissioner of N. E. Rhodesia, so long ago as 1917, when, at a meeting of the Zoological Society of London, he exhibited 168 stones, weighing 7 pounds 13 ounces, which he had taken from the stomach of a bull elephant, carrying turks weighing forty-five pounds apiece, killed in his district.

These stones, which are now in the British Museum of Natural History, are of various kinds,

shapes and sizes, the average being of about the size of a hen's egg. Their lithological differences show that they have been picked up in widely different areas.

"I have carefully examined the stones, and they do not seem to bear out the native belief that they are accumulations of slow growth. For in this case they should be worn smooth, which is not the case in these specimens. It is possible that they are swallowed for the purpose of trituration—the grinding up of vegetable fibres—as in the gizzards of vegetivorous birds. On the other hand, they may be swallowed for their pleasant taste, or accidentally, because adherent to tree-roots, which form a favorite item in the diet of this animal.

"The possibility that they may be unintentionally swallowed is suggested by the fact that stones are commonly found in the stomach of the crab-eating seal of the Antarctic seas; and it is believed that they, with a certain amount of grit, are scooped up with the crustacea from the bottom of the sea."

## THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

"China abounds in great walls," remarked a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter; "walled country, wall cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and as strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, but on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, and swinging door and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, save the great pyramid—were tops. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contained would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known."

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## A LARGE CANDLE

Here in New York is being made the king of all candles. It will be five feet in circumference and eighteen feet in height, and will weigh more than 1,000 pounds. It is being paid for by the orphans of a home to which Caruso contributed \$10,000 a year, and is destined for a church in Naples. The maker estimates that it will burn for 120,000 hours.

## SPITZBERGEN'S RESOURCES •

Spitzbergen, that long-ignored archipelago of the frozen north, is revealing its value. Its coal resources are estimated at 9,000,000,000 tons; it has much low-grade iron ore, deposits of copper, zinc, molybdenum, asbestos, gypsum and oil shale, and possibilities of free oil. Good harbors, frequent communication with Norway, and a climate comparable with that of Sweden, augur a prosperous future for the islands.

## UNCOVERS CITY OF 2500 B. C.

Remains of the ancient city of Beth-Shan, in Northern Palestine, dating back as far as 2500 B. C., have been uncovered by Dr. Clarence S. Fisher's research party, according to a letter received from him by the University Museum, Philadelphia.

Already several important discoveries have been made dating back to the time when the Semites are supposed to have entered Palestine, about 1300 B. C., and it is believed that remains of an earlier period will be located.

University Museum authorities here believe Dr. Fisher's excavations promise to throw much light on Biblical times and perhaps even on the life of a thousand years before Abraham.

CREAT COPPER MINE DISCOVERED  
BY PIG

Most copper mines have been found through luck. The Calumet lode, the greatest of all, was discovered by a pig.

One day while vigorously stirring the soil of the backyard of its owner, who kept a boarding house, the pig uncovered a prehistoric Indian camp.

There was a pile of buried copper which was worth a fortune in itself. But it also led to the civilization of the rock beneath, in which veins of gold and silver and other metals were found.

The Indians used copper before the days of Columbus, principally for trading ornaments. Ancient Indians have been found wearing copper rings. The Indians, however, had to melt the metal through the want of charcoal.

In olden times they built fires against the rocks to heat copper. This system produced "copper pyrites," which the Indians used to heat their tools more easily.

## ISLANDS ON SALE AT \$6,000 EACH

Any wealthy American who wants to taste the joys of being virtually king of his own domain will find an opportunity to gratify his desire on some islands just off the Corsican coast that are being offered for sale for \$6,000. They comprise about 300 acres and offer every inducement to devotees to hunting and fishing. The announcement that these islands are for sale, the owners of them believe, will attract many inquiries.

The only question concerning them, however, is whether any person has the right to dispose of such property within France's territorial waters. The islands are only a mile off the coast of Corsica, which has belonged to France for 150 years, but an Italian syndicate which represents the present owners of the islands declares they have never abandoned their claim to Italian sovereignty over their property.

Therefore any buyer of these islands will have to take a chance that Rome will some day insist on the payment of back taxes for two centuries, or may even demand annexation of them through the League of Nations to prevent the rocky ledges being used for fortifications in the event of another war in Europe.

FRENCH BILLIARD CHAMPION AFTER  
BALKLINER TITLE

Roger Conti, the young French billiard expert who aspires to championship honors, arrived recently on the American Line steamship Manchuria, from Hamburg, and is registered at the Hotel Brevoort. A trim built boy whose measurements for prospective army service make him about five feet nine and a half inches in height and 156 pounds in weight, he is unable to speak more than a few words in English. Apparently self-reliant and mild of manner, through an interpreter he spoke promptly.

"We were on the ocean ten days," said he, "and had fine weather nearly all the way. I was not sick any day during the voyage. We did not expect to get here before Monday or Tuesday, but the boat made a quick trip and we got in yesterday morning. I do not know how long I will remain in New York. I may go to Chicago in a few days. If I remain here I will practice. How long I will remain will be decided tomorrow morning, when I will meet Charles P. Miller, vice-president, and Thomas A. Dwyer, treasurer of the Benwick Balke Collender Company. I am anxious to learn as much as I can of your great city. My home, Paris, is a place of about 30,000. I recently played 6,000 points with Gibelin and averaged 42. I brought my cues. They were about nineteen ounces."

At Pittsburgh one week from today the tournament for the three-cushion carrom championship will begin. Two weeks later the pool championship series will be begun in Pittsburgh from November 11 to 19. The billiard tables will be at Chicago.

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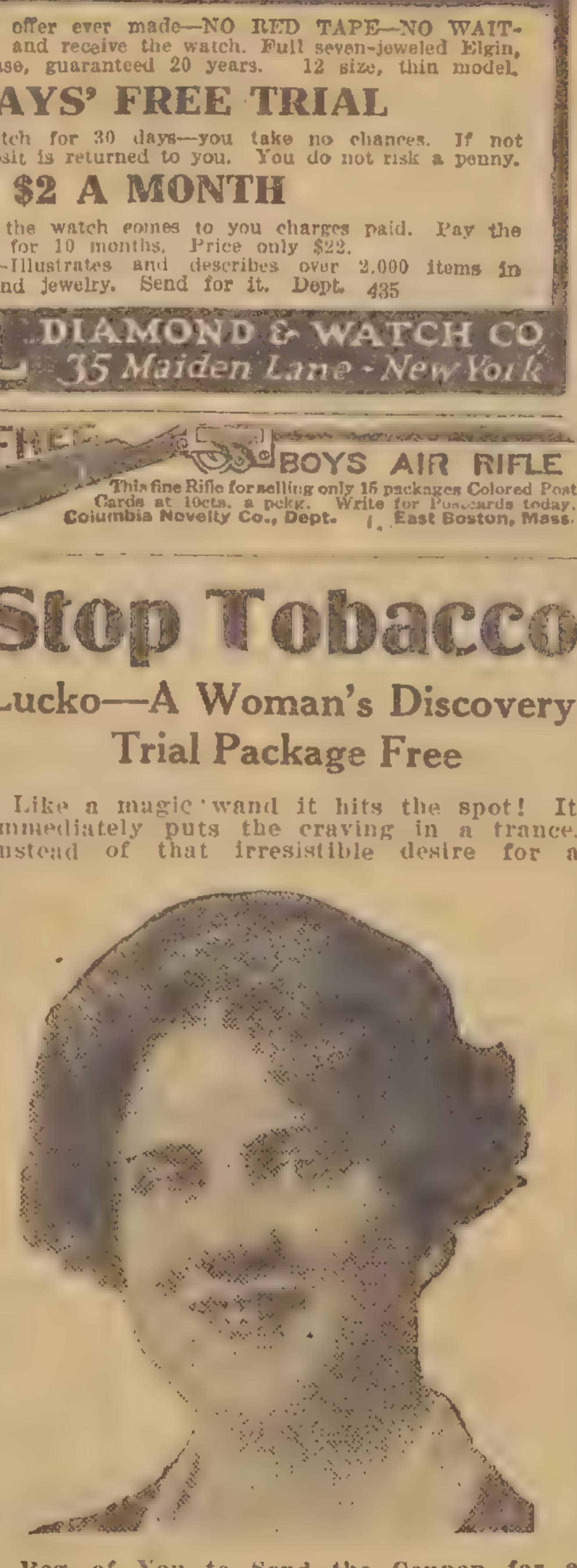
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### ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS



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The invention of playing-cards has been variously attributed to the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Grignon, a painter, in Paris, in the 14th century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Cesar and Charles; four queens, Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves or knights, Ogier the Dane, Laneclot, La Hire and Hector de Garland. Cards seem originally to have been brought to England from Spain, probably having been introduced into that country by the Moors. The clubs in Spanish, were not trefoils, as with us, but cudgels, i. e., "bastos," and the spades or swords, "espadas." Cards at first were stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off at once. "Cumbines" were spades; "rabbits," club; "pinks," diamonds; and "roses," hearts.

# RHEUMATISM LEFT HIM AS IF BY MAGIC!

He Suffered  
Over 50 Years!

Now 83 Years,

Yet a Big

Scalp  
To Friends

Began  
Strength  
Gone at  
Mid-life

Bad, So  
Bad, So

Bad, So  
Bad, So

"URIC  
ACID"

How the  
"Inner  
Mysteries"

Reveals Startling  
Facts Overlooked

By Doctors and  
Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could close my eyes. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day. I consider these days are surprised at the change."

## HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that the old, false theory is wrong and will cause the disease; that it is not the acid but the salt of the acid that is the cause of every form of rheumatism; and that without it we could not live! These statements may seem strange to the folks who have not had time to read the remarkable book, "The Inner Mysteries." It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He paid a high price to get rid of the disease of rheumatism, but after a long and painful struggle, he got strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book which is distributed free by an authority on the subject over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Cleverwell, No. 301 K Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent to you in mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice from your copy! If not a sufferer yourself, but a good friend to one afflicted, send



## SEEED

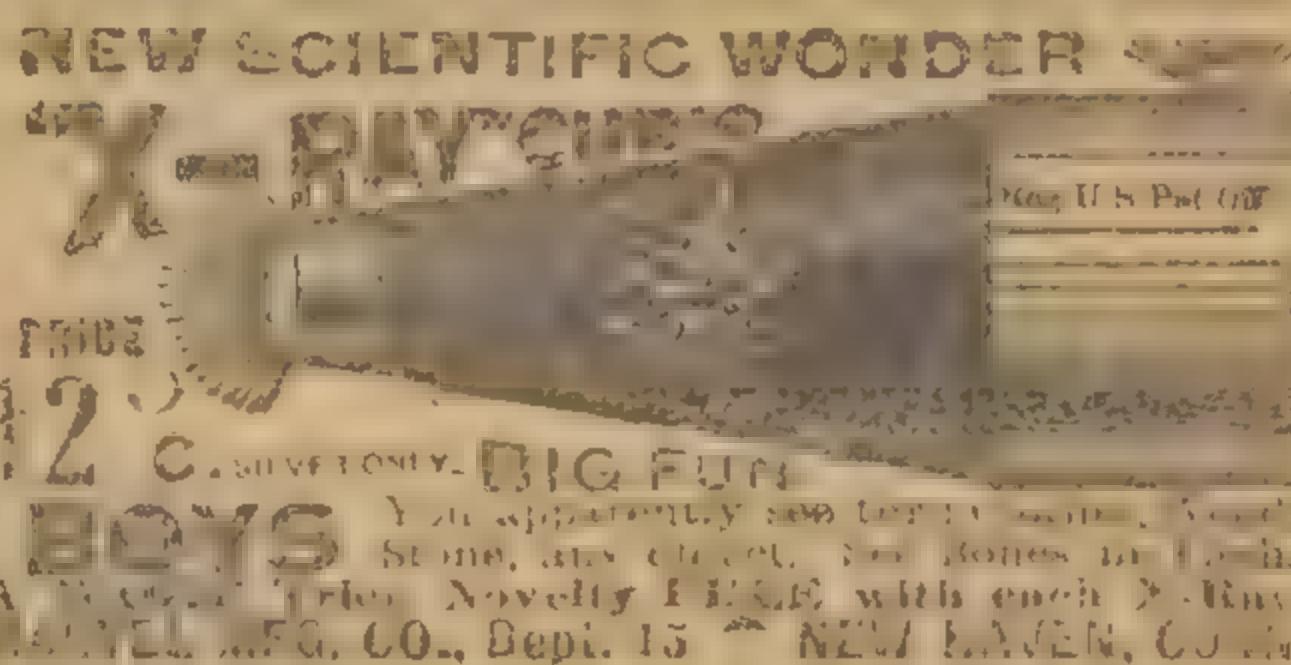
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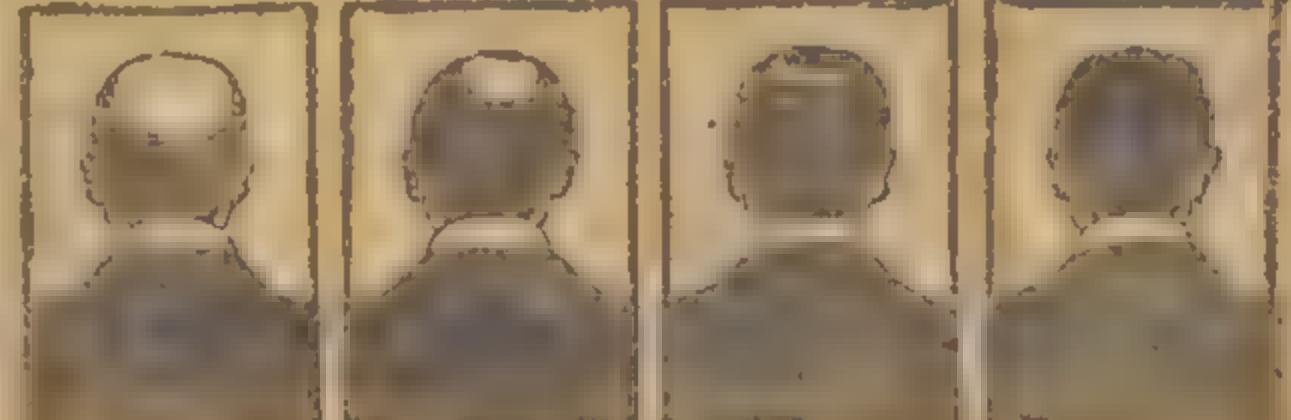


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**KEEPS FIRE  
BURNING 2  
HOURS 5 MINS**

Fifty tobacco lovers sat in a room at the Tobacco Fair in the Horticultural Hall, Worcester, the London, and were having a good time, smoking his pipe and the crook of his arm, the winning for him who was still smoking when the pipe of the other who sat out was a new bicycle. To be second in the race of honor was not to be an empty honor. Nine gallon of ale was the second prize!

Some of the competitors were white-haired men of the chimney corner, who had known and loved many a long "churchwarden." One was a Chelsea pensioner who smoked grimly on when a good many of his neighbors had retired from the contest.

Not a word was spoken by the competitors, but round about them their friends stood and jocundly urged them to "take it!"

R. Woodcock of Walthamstow won the contest. He smoked for 2 hours 5 minutes, seven minutes under the record time. He used a clay pipe and kept his tobacco together with a needle. The second prize winner was A. Holland of Blackfriars, whose time was 1 hour 23 minutes.

# How I increased my salary more than 300%

by  
*Joseph Anderson*

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—*Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!*

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

— — — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —  
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS  
BOX 4490

SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an  in the list below:

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# PLUCK AND LUCK

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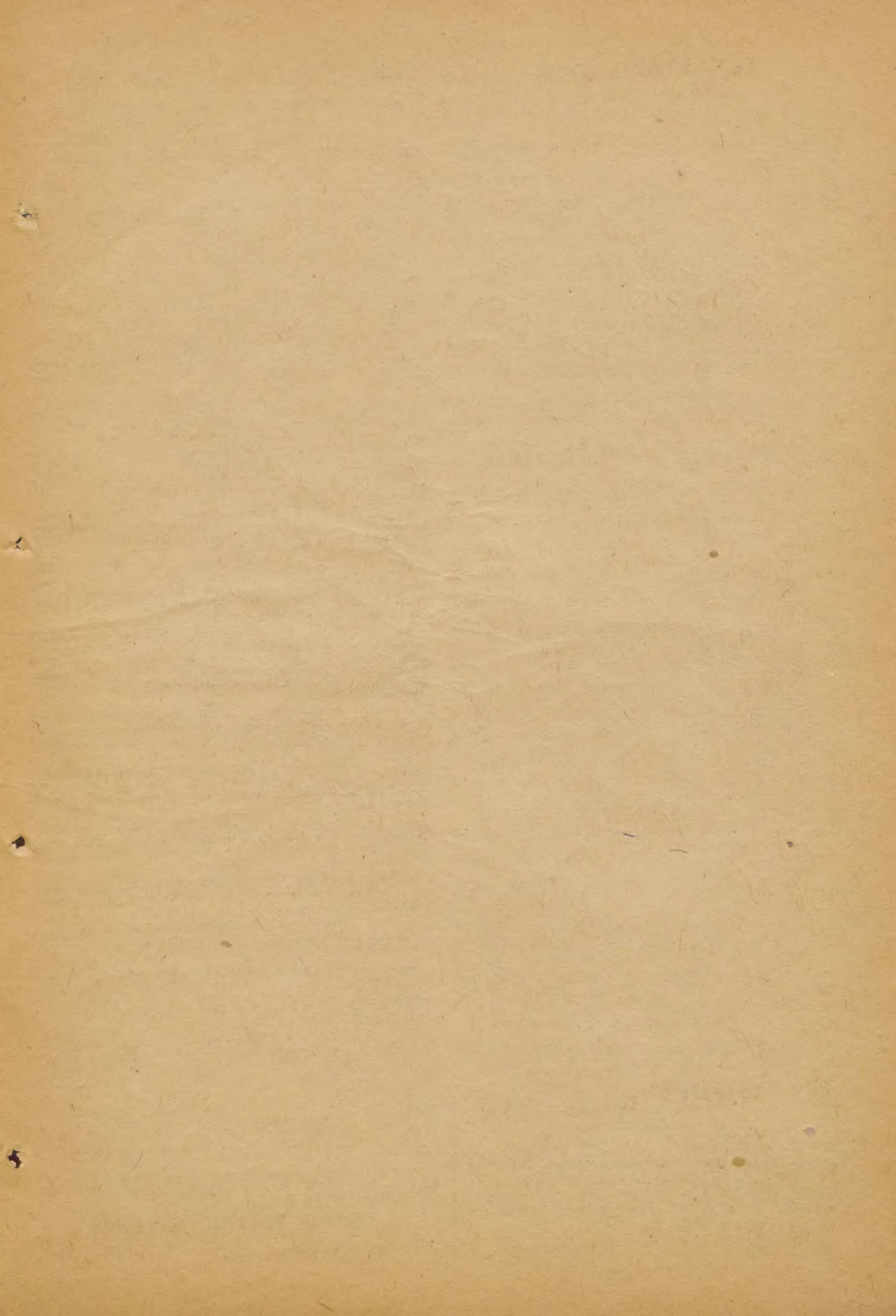
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